# The Saturday Evening Post

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### REMEMBERED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY DOLORES.

A memory out of the past, Waldo,
  Is borne on the evening breeze,
My thoughts will wander to long ago,
To the time when we were "lovers," you
    know,
  When we sat 'neath the linden trees.

But the most of which I'm thinking to-night,
  In the glimmering silver sheen,
Is the ride we took in the calm moonlight,
With troubles all buried and out of sight,
  And those misty years unseen.

Your gallant ponies were gay, Waldo,
  And light were our hearts beside,
We drove to the banks where the lilies grow,
And where sweetly the waters ebb and flow,
  And I promised to be your bride.

We thought all the world looked fair, you
    know,
  And softly the moonlight shone,
And we never dreamed of a cloud, Waldo,
We thought not then that a winter's snow
  Would find every fond hope flown.

But ah, we were young in those days, dear
    friend,
  Too young for such vows as those,
For many the changes the years will send,
And vows forgotten with the past will
    blend,
  Until life and love shall close.

The full, round moon in the midsummer
    sky,
  That beamed, oh, so sweetly then,
Must have looked on with a pitying eye,
Knowing life is so frail, and love will die,
  To be tasted never again.

So the dream faded as the year went on,—
  Do you deem it weak or wise?
I say the love that was ours and is gone,
I'll never forget 'till eternity's sun
  O'er the beautiful hills shall rise.

## BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

### PART THE FIRST.

### CHAPTER XIII.

COMING HOME.

Dashing up to Dallory Hall in a fiery foam, just a week and a day after the wedding, came Mrs. North. Madam had learnt the news. While she was reposing in all security in Paris, amid a knot of friends who had chosen to be there at that season, Matilda North happened to take up a Times newspaper of some two or three days old, and saw the account of the marriage: "Oliver Rane, M. D., of Dallory Ham, to Bessy, daughter of John North, of Dallory Hall, and of Elizabeth, his first wife." Madam rose up, her face in a flame, and clutched the journal to look: she verily believed Miss Matilda was playing a farce. No: the announcement was there in plain black and white. Making her hasty arrangements to quit the French capital, she came thundering home: and arrived the very day that Dr. and Mrs. Rane returned.

A letter had preceded her. A letter of denouncing wrath, that had made her husband shake in his shoes. Poor Mr. North looked tremblingly out for the arrival, caught a glimpse of the carriage and of Madam's face, and slipped out at the back door to the fields. Where he remained wandering about for hours.

So Madam found nobody to receive her. Richard was at the works, Captain Bohun had been out all the afternoon. Nothing increases wrath like the having no object to expend it on; and Madam, foiled, might have sat for a picture of *fury*. The passion that had been bubbling up higher and higher all the way from Paris, found no escape at its boiling point.

One of the servants happened to come in her way; the first housemaid, who had been head over Molly Green. Madam pinned her; bit her lips for calmness, and then inquired particulars of the wedding with a smooth face.

"Was it a run-a-way match, Lake?"

"Goodness, no, Madam!" was Lake's answer, who was apt to be free with her tongue, even to her imperious mistress. "Things were being got ready for a month beforehand; and my master would have gone to church to give Miss Bessy away himself, but for not being well. All the servants went to see it."

Little by Little, Madam heard the details. Captain Bohun was best man; Mr. Richard took out Miss Adair, who was bridesmaid and looked lovely to behold. The bride and bridegroom drove right away from the church door. Captain Bohun went back in the carriage with Miss Adair; Mr. Richard went off on foot to the works. Miss Bessy—leastways Mrs. Oliver Rane now—had had some furniture sent to her new home from the Hall, and Molly Green was there as housemaid. That Lake should be glowing with intense gratification at being enabled to tell all this, was only in accordance with frail human nature; she knew what a pill it was for Madam; and Madam was disliked in the household worse than poison. But Lake was hardly prepared for the ashy tint that spread over Madam's features, when she came to the part that told of the homeward drive together of her son and Ellen Adair.

The girl was in the midst of her descriptions when Arthur Bohun came in. Madam saw him sauntering lazily up the gravel drive, and swept down in her fine Parisian costume of white-and-black brocaded silk, lappets of lace floating from her hair. They met in the Hall.

"Why! is it you, mother?" cried Arthur, in surprise—for he had no idea the invasion might be expected so soon. "Have you come home?"

He advanced to kiss her. Striving to be as dutiful as she would let him be, he was willing to observe all ordinary relations between mother and son: but of affection there existed none. Mrs. North drew back from the offered embrace, and haughtily motioned him to the drawing-room. Matilda sat there, sullen and listless; she was angry at being dragged summarily from Paris.

"Why did I assist at Bessy's wedding?" replied Arthur, parrying the attack with light good humor, as he invariably strove to do on those wrathful occasions. "Because I liked it. It was great fun. Especially to see Rane hunting in every pocket for the ring, and turning as red as a salamander."

"What business had you to do such a thing?" retorted Madam, her face dark with the passion she was suppressing. "How dared you do it?"

"Do what, Madam?"

Madam stamped a little.

"You know without asking, sir: countenance personally the wedding."

"Was there any reason why I should not? Bessy stands to me as a sister; and I like her. I am glad she is married, and I hope sincerely they'll have the best of luck always."

"I had forbidden the union with Oliver Rane," stamped Madam. "Do you hear—*forbidden* it. You knew that as well as she did."

"But then, don't you see, mother mine, you had no particular right to *forbid* it. If Matilda there took it into her head to marry some knight or other, you would have a voice in the matter, for or against: but Bessy was responsible to her father only."

"Don't bring my name into your nonsense, Arthur," struck in Matilda, with a frown.

Madam, looking from one to the other, was biting her lips.

"They had the wedding while you were away that it might be got over quietly," resumed Arthur, in his laughing way, determined not to give in an inch, even though he had to tell a home truth or two. "For my part, mother, I have never understood what possible objection you could have to Rane."

"That is my business," spoke Mrs. North. "I wish he and those Cumberland people were all at the bottom of the sea. How dared you disgrace yourself, Arthur Bohun?"

"Disgrace myself?"

"You did. You, a Bohun, to descend to a companionship with *them!* Fie upon you! And you have been said to inherit your father's pride."

"As I hope I do, in all proper things. I am unable understand your distinctions, Madam," he added laughingly. "Rane is as good as Bessy, for all I see. As good as we are."

Madam caught up a hand screen, as if she would have liked to fling it at him. Her hand trembled, with emotion or temper.

"There's some girl living with them. They tell me you went home with her in the carriage!"

Arthur Bohun suddenly turned his back upon them, as if to see who might be advancing, for distant footsteps were heard advancing. But for that, Madam might have seen a hot flush illumine his face.

"Well? What else, mother? Of course I took her home—Miss Adair."

"In the face and eyes of Dallory!"

"Certainly. And we had faces and eyes out that morning, I can tell you. It is not every day a Miss North gets married."

"How came *you* to take her?"

"Dick asked me. There was nobody else to ask, you see. Mrs. Gage clapped us going by, as if we had been at an election. She had a stiff shining yellow gown on and white bows in her cap."

His suavity was so great, his determination not to be ruffled so evident, that Mrs. North felt three parts foiled. It was not often she attacked Arthur; he always met it in this way, and no satisfaction came of it. She could have struck him as he stood.

"What *is* the true tale about the ring, Arthur?" asked Matilda in the silence come to by Mrs. North. "Lake says Oliver Rane really lost it."

"Really and truly, Matty."

"Were they married without a ring?"

"Somebody present produced one," he replied carelessly, in his invincible dislike to mention Ellen Adair before his mother and sister: a dislike that had ever clung to him. Did it arise from the shy reticence that invariably attends love, this feeling?—or could it have been some foreshadowing dread instinct of what the future was to bring forth?

"How came Dr. Rane to lose the ring?"

"Carelessness, I suppose. We found it in the carriage, going home. He must have dropped it accidentally."

"Peace, Matilda!—keep your foolish questions for a fitting time," stormed Madam. "How dare you turn your back upon me, Arthur? What money has gone out with the girl?"

Arthur turned round to answer. In spite of his careless manner, he was biting his lips with shame and vexation. It was so often he had to blush for his mother.

"I'm sure I don't know, if you mean with Bessy: it is not my business that I should presume to ask. Here comes Dick: I thought it was his step. You can inquire of him, Madam."

Richard North looked into the drawing-room, all unconscious of the storm awaiting him. Matilda sat back in an easy-chair tapping her foot discontentedly; Arthur Bohun toyed with a rose at the window; Madam, standing upright by the beautiful inlaid table, her train sweeping the rich carpet, confronted him.

But there was something about Richard North that instinctively subdued Madam: she had never domineered over him as she did over her husband and Bessy and Arthur; and at him she did not rave and rant. Calm always, sufficiently courteous to her, and yet holding his own in self-respect, Richard and Madam seldom came to an issue. But she attacked him now: demanding why this iniquity—the wedding—had been allowed to be enacted.

"Pardon me, Mrs. North, if I meet your question by another," calmly spoke Richard. "You complain of my sister's marriage as though it were a grievous wrong against yourself. What is the reason?"

"I said it should not take place."

"Will you tell me why you oppose it?"

"No. It is sufficient that, to my mind, it did not present itself as suitable. I have resolutely set my face against Dr. Rane and his statue of a mother, who presumes to call the Master of Dallory Hall John! And I forbade Bessy to think of him."

"But—pardon me, Mrs. North—Bessy was not bound to obey you. Her father and I saw no cause for objecting to Dr. Rane."

"Was it right, was it honorable, that you should seize upon my absence to marry her in this indecent manner?—before Edmund was cold in his grave?"

"Circumstances guide cases," said Richard. "As for marrying her while you were away, it was done in the interests of peace. Your opposition, had you been at home, would not have prevented the marriage; it was therefore as well to get it over in quietness."

A bold avowal. Richard stood before Madam when he made it, upright as herself. She saw it was useless to contend: and all the abuse in the world would not undo it now.

"What money has gone out with her?"

It was a question that she had no right to put. Richard answered it however.

"At present not any. To-morrow I shall give Rane a check for two hundred pounds. Time was, Madam, when I thought my sister would have gone from us with twenty thousand."

"We are not speaking of what was, but of what is," said Madam, an unpleasant sneer on her face. "Mr. North—to hear him speak—cannot spare the two hundred."

"Quite true; Mr. North has it not to spare," said Richard. "It is I who give it to my sister. Drained though we are for money perpetually, I could not, for very shame, suffer Bessy to go to her husband wholly penniless."

"She has not gone penniless," retorted Madam, brazening the thing out. "I hear the Hall has been dismantled for her."

"Oh, mother!" interposed Arthur in a burst of pain.

"Hold your tongue; it is no affair of *yours*," spoke Mrs. North. "A cart-load of furniture has gone out of the Hall."

"Bessy's own," said Richard. "It was her mother's; and we have always considered it Bessy's. A few poor mahogany things, Madam; that you have never condescended to take notice of, and that never, in point of fact, have belonged to you. They have gone with Bessy, poor girl; and I trust Rane will make her a happier home than she has had here."

"I trust they will both be miserable!" flashed Madam.

Equable in temper though Richard North was, there are limits to endurance; he found his anger rising, and quitted the room abruptly. Arthur Bohun went limping after him: in any season of emotion, he was undeniably lame.

"I'd beg your pardon for her, Dick, in all entreaty," he whispered, putting his arm within Richard's, "but that my tongue is tied with shame and humiliation. It was an awful misfortune for you all when your father married her."

"We can but make the best of it, Arthur," was the kindly answer. "It was neither your fault nor mine."

"Where is the good old pater?"

"Hiding somewhere. Not a doubt of it."

"Let us go and find him, Dick. He may be the better for having us with him to-day. If she were not my mother—and upon my word and honor, Richard, I sometimes think she is not—I'd strap on my armor and do brave battle for him."

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The bride and bridegroom were settling down in their house. Bessy, arranging her furniture in her new home, was busy and happy as the summer day was long. Some of the mahogany things were sadly old-fashioned, but the fact never occurred to Bessy. The carpet was bright; the piano, Richard's present, and a great surprise, was beautiful. It was so kind of him to give her one—she who was but a poor player at best, and had thought of asking Madam to be allowed to have the unused old thing in the old school-room at Dallory Hall. She clung to Richard with tears in her eyes as she kissed and thanked him. He kissed her again, and gave his good wishes for her happiness, but Bessy thought him somewhat out of spirits. Richard North handed over two hundred pounds to them: a most acceptable offering to Dr. Rane.

"Thank you, Richard," he heartily said, grasping his brother-in-law's hand. "I shall be getting on so well shortly as to need no help for my wife's sake or for mine." And Richard knew that he was anticipating the period when the other doctor should have gone, and the whole practice be in his own hands.

It was on the third or fourth morning after their return, that Dr. Rane, coming home from seeing his patients, met his fellow-surgeon, arm-in-arm with a stranger. Mr. Alexander stopped to introduce him.

"Mr. Seeley, Rane," he said. "My friend and successor."

Had a shot been fired at Dr. Rane, he could scarcely have felt more. In the moment's confused blow, he almost stammered.

"Your successor? Here?"

"My successor in the practice. I have sold him the good-will, and he has come down to be introduced."

Dr. Rane bowed. The new doctor put out his hand. That same day Dr. Rane went over to Mr. Alexander's and reproached him.

"You might at least have given me the refusal had you wanted to sell it."

"My good fellow, I promised it to Seeley ages ago," was the answer. "He knew I had a prospect of the London appointment: in fact, helped me to get it."

What was to be said? Nothing. But Oliver Rane felt as though a bitter blow had again fallen upon him, blighting the fair vista of the future.

"Don't be down-hearted, Oliver," whispered Bessy, hopefully, as she clung around him when he went in and spoke of the disappointment. "We shall be just as happy with a small practice as a large one. It will all come right—with God's blessing on us."

But Oliver Rane, looking back on a certain deed of the past, felt by no means sure in his heart of hearts that the blessing would be upon them.

### CHAPTER XIV.

OF WHAT WAS, AND OF WHAT MIGHT BE.

Bessy Rane sat at the large window of her dining-room in the coming twilight. Some twelve months had elapsed since her marriage, and summer was round again. Her work had dropped on her lap: it was that of stitching some wristbands for her husband; and she sat inhaling the fresh sweet scent of the garden flowers, and watching Jelly's movements in the room facing her—Mrs. Cumberland's. Jelly had a candle in her hand, apparently searching for something, for she was throwing its light and her own eyes

CARVED MONUMENT IN NEW ZEALAND.

**Wonders of Wood Carving by the New Zealanders.**

Amongst works of art wrought by savages, the extraordinary and elaborate carvings in wood executed by the New Zealanders previously to their contact with Europeans, are well worthy of notice, and may be regarded as wonderful examples of ingenuity and skill, especially when we consider the rude nature of the tools by which they were wrought.

Ignorant of the use of iron, the New Zealand artist produced his carvings out of hard red pine, by the aid of an adze and chisel formed of green-stone or jade, fastened into a wooden handle; whilst the edge of a sharp mussel-shell was employed to give the finishing touches to the more intricate portions of the design.

The men most skilled in wood carving were frequently "tohungas," or heathen priests, and were always regarded amongst the people with veneration and respect. Some tribes were more celebrated than others for the beauty and skill of their carvings, many of which took years of patient labor to accomplish.

Perhaps the greatest amount of ornamentation was bestowed on the wooden monuments erected in honor of warriors of note, or chiefs of high rank and distinction. Domestic affection would also suggest a richly carved tomb to be raised to the memory of a deceased wife or child. These tombs vary in form and size, but usually consist of a box for the reception of the body, about ten or twelve feet high, covered by a projecting and slanting roof supported by pillars. These pillars represent human figures, one above the other, of grotesque forms, with enormous protruding tongues, and eyes inlaid with pearl shell. The entire front of the tomb is covered with similar faces in bas-relief, the space between them displaying the most elaborate arabesques intertwining with each other, mingled with double spiral curves, which have a very rich effect. Each of the human figures in its turn is similarly covered with the arabesque and spiral patterns; so that the tomb, viewed as a whole, presents one mass of intricate carving.

So great is the love of the New Zealander for wood carving, that he does not content himself with covering his houses, tombs, and canoes with the most intricate designs, but in like manner he decorates his weapons of war, his axe-handles, and his walking sticks; and, not content with wood for his material, he further displays his skill in tattooing minute spiral lines with tiny chisels on the faces of his chiefs, and on the lips and ankles of his women.

Since the colonization of New Zealand by Great Britain, the natives have gradually abandoned their ancient art; and at the present time scarcely an example remains of these wonderful carvings, excepting such smaller objects as are preserved in the museums of the curious. In the mild and humid climate of New Zealand, the wooden structure soon rots away; and ere long, not a tomb or a carved house will exist amidst the ruin of their deserted "paths" to bear evidence of an art now passed away.

into every hole and corner. Bessy stooped forward to pluck a sprig of sweet verbena, and sat on tranquilly.

At the table behind her sat Dr. Rane, writing as fast as the decreasing light would allow. Some unusual and peculiar symptoms had manifested themselves in a patient he had been recently attending, and he was making them and the case into a paper for a medical publication, in the hope that it would bring him back a remunerating guinea or two.

"Oliver, I am sure you can't see," said Bessy, presently, looking round.

"It is almost blindman's holiday, dear. Will you ring for the lamp?"

Mrs. Rane rose. But, instead of ringing for the lamp, she went up to him, and put her hand on his shoulder persuasively.

"Take a quarter of an hour's rest, Oliver. You will find all the benefit of it: and it is not quite time to light the lamp. Let us take a stroll in the garden."

"You are obstructing what little light is left, Bessy; standing between me and the window."

"Of course I am. I'm doing it on purpose. Come! You ought to know a great deal better than I do that it is bad to try the eyes, sir. *Please*, Oliver!"

Yielding to her entreaties, he pushed the paper from him with a sigh of weariness, and they stepped from the window into the garden. Bessy passed her hand within his arm; and, turning towards the more covert paths, they began to converse with one another in a semi-whisper.

Many a twilight half hour had they thus paced together of late, talking earnestly of what was and of what might be. The first year of their marriage had not been one of success in a pecuniary point of view: for Dr. Rane's practice improved not. He earned barely enough for their moderate wants. Bessy, the cash-keeper, had a difficulty in making both ends meet. But the fact was not known: never a syllable of it transpired from either of them. Dr. Rane was seen out and about a great deal, going to and fro among his patients: and the world did not suspect his returns were so poor.

The new surgeon, Seeley, had stepped into all Mr. Alexander's practice, and was flourishing. Dr. Rane's, as before, was chiefly confined to the lower classes, especially those belonging to the North Works; and, from certain circumstances, these men were not so full of funds as they had been, and consequently not so well able to pay him. That Dr. Rane was bitterly mortified at not getting on better, for his wife's sake as well as his own, could not be mistaken. Bessy preached of hope cheerfully; of a bright future in store yet; but he had lost faith in it.

It seemed to Dr. Rane that everything was a failure. The medical book he had been engaged upon in persevering industry at the time of his marriage, from which he had anticipated great things both in fame and fortune, had not met with success. He had succeeded in getting it published; but as yet there were no returns. He had sacrificed a sum of money towards its publication; not a very large sum, it's true, but larger than they could afford, and nobody but themselves knew how it had crippled them. Bessy said it would come back some day with plenty of interest; they had only to keep up a good heart and live frugally.

Poor Bessy herself had one grief that she never spoke of, even to him—the lack of offspring. There had been no prospect of it whatever: and she so loved children! As week after week, month after month went by without bringing sign, her disappointment was very keen. She was beginning to get a little reconciled to it now; and grew only the more devoted to her husband.

Mrs. Rane was an excellent manager in the household, spending the smallest fraction that she could, consistent with comfort. It had not yet come to the lack of *that*. At the turn of the previous winter, old Phillis became ill and had to leave; and Bessy had since kept only Molly Green. By a fortunate chance Molly understood cooking; she had grown to be a really excellent servant. At the small rate of expence they lived at now, Dr. Rane might perhaps have managed to continue to meet it while he waited patiently for better luck; but he did not intend to do anything of the kind. His only anxiety was to remove to another place, as far away as might be from Dallory Ham.

Whether this thirst for migration would have arisen had his practice been successful, cannot be told. We can only relate things as they were. With the disappointment—and other matters—lying upon him, the getting away from Dallory had grown into a wild, burning desire, that never quitted him by night or by day. That one fatal mistake of his life seemed to hang over him like a curse. It's true that when he penned the letter so disastrous in its result, he had no more intention in his heart of slaying or killing than had the paper he wrote on; he had only thought of putting Alexander into disfavor at Dallory Hall; but—it had turned out as it had turned out; and Dr. Rane felt that he had a life to answer for. He might have borne this: and at any rate his running away from Dallory would neither lessen the heart's burden nor add to it: but what he could not bear, was the prospect of detection. Not a day passed, but he saw somebody or another whose face tacitly reminded him that such discovery might take place. He felt sure that Mrs. Gass suspected him still of having written the letter; he knew that his mother doubted it; he picked up a half suspicion of Jelly; he had more than half a one of Richard North: and how many others there might be, he knew not. Ever since the time when he returned from his marriage trip, there had been an involuntary constraint in Richard's manner to him; and which he felt sure was not his own fancy. As to Jelly, the way he sometimes caught her green eyes observing him, was enough to give a nervous man the shivers: which Dr. Rane was not. How he could have committed the fatal mistake of putting that copy—or semi-copy—of the miserable letter into his pocket-book, he never knew. He had tried his writing and his words on two or three pieces of paper, but he surely thought he had torn all up and burnt the pieces. Over and over again, looking back upon his carelessness, he said to himself that it was Fate. Not carelessness, in one sense of the word. Carelessness if you will, but a carelessness that he could not go from in the arbitrary dominion of Fate. Fate had been controlling him with her iron hand, to bring his crime home to him; and he could not escape it. Whatever it might have been, however, Fate, or want of caution, it had led to his being a suspected man by some few around him; and, continue to live amidst them, he would not. Dr. Rane was a proud-natured man, liking in an especial degree to stand well in the estimation of his fellow-creatures; to have such a degradation, as this, brought publicly home to him would go well nigh to kill him with shame. Rather than face it, he would have run away to the remotest quarter of the habitable globe.

And he had quite imbued Bessy with the wish for change. She but thought as he thought. Never suspecting the true cause of his wish to get away and establish himself elsewhere, she only saw how real it was. Of this they talked, night after night, pacing the garden paths.

"There seems to have been a spell of ill-luck attending me ever since I settled in this place," he would say to her; "and I know it won't be lifted off while I stop." He was saying it on this very night.

"I hate the place, Bessy," he observed, looking up at the bright evening star that began to show itself in the clear blue sky. "But for my mother and you, I should never have stayed in it. I wish I had the money to buy a practice elsewhere. As it is, I must establish one."

"Yes," acquiesced Bessy. "But where? The great thing is—what other place to fix upon."

Of course that was the chief thing. Dr. Rane looked down and kept silence, pondering various matters in his mind. He thought it had better be London. A friend of his, one Dr. Jones, who had been a fellow-student in their student-days, was doing a large practice as a medical man in the neighborhood of New York: he wanted assistance, and had proposed to Dr. Rane to go over and join him. Nothing in the world would Dr. Rane have liked better; and Bessy was willing to go where he went, even to quit her native land for good; but Dr. Jones did not offer this without an equivalent, and the terms he named to be paid down, £500, were entirely beyond the reach of Oliver Rane. So he supposed it must be London. With the two hundred pounds that he hoped to get for the good-will of his own practice in Dallory Ham—at this very moment he was trying to negotiate with a gentleman for it in private—he should set up in London, or else purchase a small share in an established practice. Anything, anywhere to get away, and to leave the nightmare of daily-dreaded discovery behind him!

"Once we are away from this place, Bessy, we shall get on. I feel sure of it. You won't long have to live like a hermit, from dread of the cost of entertaining company, or to look at every sixpence before you lay it out."

"I don't mind it, Oliver. You know how sorry I should be if you thought of giving up our home here for my sake."

"But I don't; it's for my own as well," he hastily added. "You can't realize what it is, Bessy, for a clever medical man—and I am that—to be beaten back ever into obscurity; to find no field for his talents; to watch others of his generation rise into note and usefulness. I have not got on here; Madam has schemed to prevent it. Why she should have pushed on Alexander; why she should push Seeley; not for their sakes, but to oppose me, I have never been able to imagine. Unless it was that my mother, when Fanny Gass, and Mr. North were intimate as brother and sister in early life."

"And Madam despises the Gass family, and ours equally. It was a black-letter day for us all when papa married her."

"It is no reason why she should have set her face against *me*. It has been a fatal blight on me: worse than you and the world think for, Bessy."

"I am sure you must have felt it so," murmured Bessy. "And she would have stopped our marriage if she could."

"Whoever succeeds me here will speedily make a good practice of it. You'll see. She has kept me from doing it. There's one blessed thing—her evil influence cannot follow us elsewhere."

"I should like to become rich and have a large house, and get poor papa to live with us," said Bessy hopefully. "Madam is worrying him into his grave with her cruel temper. Oh, Oliver, I should like him to come!"

"I'm sure I'd not object," replied Dr. Rane good-naturedly. "How they will keep up the expenses at Dallory Hall if this strike be prolonged, I cannot think. Serve Madam right!"

"Do you hear much of the trouble, Oliver?"

"Much of it! Why, I hear nothing else. The men are fools. They'll cut their own throats as sure as a gun. Your brother Richard sees it coming."

"Sees what?" asked Bessy, not exactly understanding.

"Ruin," emphatically replied Dr. Rane. "The men will play at bo-peep with reason until the trade has left them. Fools! Fools!"

"It's not the poor men, Oliver. I have lived amongst them, some of them at any rate, since I was a child, and I don't like to hear them blamed. It is that they are misled. Misled by the trades unions."

"Nonsense!" replied Dr. Rane. "A man who has his living to earn ought not to allow himself to be misled. There's his work to hand; let him do it. A body of would-be autocrats might come down on me and say 'Oliver Rane, we want you to join our society: which forbids doctors to visit patients except under its own rules and regulations.' Suppose I listened to them?—and stayed at home, and let Seeley, or anybody else who would, snap up my practice, and awoke presently to find my means of living irrevocably gone?—nothing left for me but the work-house? Should I deserve pity? Certainly not."

Bessy laughed a little. They were going in, and she—still keeping her hand within his arm—coaxed him yet for another minute's recreation into the drawing-room. Sitting down to the piano in the fading light—the piano that Richard had given her—she began a song that her husband was fond of, "O Bay of Dublin." That sweet song, set to the air of the "Groves of Blarney," by the late Lady Dufferin. Bessy's voice was weak and of no compass, but true and rather sweet; and she had that by no means common gift of rendering every word as distinctly heard as though it were spoken: so that her singing was pleasant to listen to. Her husband liked it. He leaned against the window-frame, now as she sang, in a deep reverie, gazing out on Dallory Ham, and at the man lighting the road-side lamps. Dr. Rane never heard this song, but he wished he was the emigrant singing it, with some wide ocean flowing between him and home.

"What's this, I wonder?"

Some woman, whom he did not recognize, had turned in at his gate and was ringing the door-bell. Dr. Rane found he was called out to a patient: one of the profitless people, as usual.

"Piersons' want me, Bessy," he looked into the room to say. "The man's worse. I shall not be long."

And Bessy rose when she heard the street-door closed.

Taking a clean duster from a drawer, she carefully passed it over the keys before closing her piano for the night. Very much did Bessy cherish her drawing-room and its furniture. They did not use it much: not from fear of spoiling it, but because the other room with its large bay window seemed the most cheery; and people feel more at ease in the room they commonly sit in. Bessy took pride in her house as though it had been one of the grandest in all Dallory: happy as a queen in it, felt she. Stepping lightly over the drawing-room carpet—fresh as the day when it came out of Turtle's warehouse—touching, with a gentle finger, some pretty thing or other on the tables as she passed, she opened the door and called to the servant.

"Molly, it is time these shutters were shut.

Molly Green, in a bit of a cap tilted on her hair behind, and a white muslin apron, came out of the kitchen hard by. Molly liked to be as smart as the best of them, although she had the whole work to do. Which whole was not very much, when aided by her mistress's help and good-management.

"You had better light the hall-lamp," added Mrs. Rane, as she went up-stairs.

It was tolerably light yet. Bessy often did what she was about to do—namely, drew down the window blinds; it saved Molly the trouble. The wide landing was less bare than it used to be; at the time of Dr. Rane's marriage he had covered it with some green drugget, and put a chair and a book-shelf there. It still looked too large, still presented a contrast with the luxuriously furnished landing of Mrs. Cumberland's opposite, especially when the two wide windows happened to be open; but Bessy thought her own good enough. Of the two back-rooms, one had been furnished as a spare bed-chamber; the other had not much in it beside Bessy's boxes that had come from the Hall. Richard had spoken kindly to her about this last chamber. "Should any contingency arise; sickness, or else; that you should require its use, Bessy," he said, "and Rane not find it quite convenient to spare money for furniture, let me know, and I'll do it for you." She had thanked him gratefully: but the contingency had not come yet.

Into this back room first went Bessy, passed by her boxes, closed the window, and drew the white blind down. From thence into the chamber by its side—a pretty room, with chintz curtains to the window and the Arabian bed. Dr. Rane was very particular about having plenty of air in his house, and would have every window open all day long. Next, Bessy crossed the landing back again to her own chamber. She had to pass through the drab room (as may be remembered) to get to it. The drab room was just in the same state that it used to be; its floor bare, Dr. Rane's glass-jars and other articles used in chemistry lying on one side of it. Formerly they were strewed about anywhere: under Bessy's neat rule, they were gathered together into a small space. Sometimes Bessy thought she should like to make this her own sitting and work-room: its window looked to the fields beyond Dallory Ham. Often, when she first came to the house, she would softly say to her secret heart, "What a nice day-nursery it would make!" She had left off saying it now.

Taking some work from a drawer in her own room, which was what she went up for—for she knew that Oliver would tell her to leave off if she attempted to stitch the wristbands by candle-light—she stood for a minute at the window and saw some gentleman, whom she did not recognize, turn out of Mr. Seeley's, and go towards Dallory.

"A fresh patient," she thought to herself, with a sigh very like envy. "He gets them all. I wish a few would come to Oliver."

As she watched the stranger up the road, something in his height and make put her in sudden mind of her dead brother, Edmund. All her thoughts went back to the unhappy time of his death, and to the letter that had led to it.

"It's very good of Oliver to comfort me, saying he could not in any case have lived long—and I suppose it was so," murmured Bessy; "but that does not make it any the less shocking. He was killed. Cut off without warning by that anonymous, wicked letter. And I don't believe the writer will be ever traced now: even Richard seems to have cooled in the pursuit, since he discovered it was not the man he had suspected."

Close upon the return of Dr. and Mrs. Rane after their marriage, the tall thin stranger who had been seen with Timothy Wilks the night before the anonymous letter was sent, and whom Richard North and others fully believed to have been the writer, was discovered. It proved to be a poor artist, travelling the country to take sketches—who was sometimes rather too fond of being a boon companion with whatever company he might happen to fall into. Hovering here for some days, hovering there, all in pursuit of his calling, he at length made his head-quarters at Whitborough. Hearing he was suspected, he came voluntarily forward, and convinced Richard North that he at least had had nothing to do with the letter. Richard's answer was, that he fully believed him. And perhaps it was Richard North's manner at this time, coupled with a remark he made to the effect that "it might be better to allow all speculation on the point to rest," that first gave Dr. Rane the idea of Richard's suspicion of himself. Things had been left at rest since: and even Bessy, as we see, thought her brother was growing cool.

Turning from the window with a sigh, given to the memory of her dead brother, she passed through the ante-room to the landing on her way down stairs. Mrs. Cumberland's landing opposite gave forth a brilliant light as usual—for that lady liked to burn plenty of lamps in her hall and staircases—and Ann, the housemaid, was drawing down the window blind. Mrs. Rane's window had never had a blind.

Molly Green was taking the supper-tray into the dining-room when she got down. Bessy hovered about it, seeing that things were as her husband liked them. She put his slippers ready, she drew his arm-chair forward; ever solicitous for his comfort. To wait on him and make things pleasant for him was the great happiness of her life. After that she sat down and worked by lamp-light, awaiting his return.

While Dr. Rane, walking forth to see his patient and walking home again, was buried in an unpleasant reverie, like a man in a dream. That one dreadful mistake lay always with heavier weight upon him at the solitary evening hour. Now and again, he would almost fancy he should see Edmund North looking out at him from the road-side hedges or behind trees. At any sacrifice he must get away from the place, and then perhaps a chance of peace might come: at least from this ever-haunting dread of discovery. He would willingly give the half of his remaining life to undo that past dark night's work.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870.

## TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.


NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

## MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

### BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

## FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.

War has been declared by France, and accepted by Prussia. As we write this, hostilities may have actually begun.

The Hohenzollern affair is simply the occasion, not the cause of the war. Neither is it a war to uphold dynasties, or to gratify the enmity of rival monarchs. It is a war of Nations, in which the leaders lead only where the nations wish to go. France has for long years been acknowledged to be the leading power of Europe. Of late, and especially since Sadowa, Prussia is disputing her leadership among the nations. This war is mainly a contest to prove which is the greater and more powerful nation.

Folly! Of course it is folly. We do not particularly admire Louis Napoleon; neither do we particularly admire Bismarck. They are both able and both unscrupulous men—but in striving to outwit, to hedge in, to mortify, and to humiliate each other, we think they simply represent the popular feeling and sentiment of their respective countries.

The war probably will be a short one. The Italian war lasted ten weeks. The war between Austria and Prussia only five weeks. One or two great battles should suffice to prove which nation is to stand at the head of the European class.

One or two great battles! One or two hundred thousand men killed and wounded. We all know now what sorrow and suffering that means.

## MR. MOTLEY RECALLED.

Ex-Senator Frederick T. Frelinghuysen has been nominated to succeed Mr. John L. Motley as Minister to England. Mr. Frelinhuysen is the nephew of the distinguished statesman of that name, who served New Jersey in former years in the United States Senate.

Mr. Sumner alleges that the recall of Mr. Motley is a blow at himself by the President, who does not like his opposition to the annexation of Dominica. On the other hand, it is said that Mr. Motley did not conform to his instructions as to the management of the Alabama case.

The Senate confirmed Mr. Frelinghuysen by a vote of 40 to 8, the latter being Messrs. Ross, Sprague and Robertson. Neither Messrs. Sumner, Wilson nor Fenton voted, though all were in their seats at the time. At no time during the debate was anything said against Mr. Frelinghuysen.

MRS. LINCOLN.—We are glad to see that Congress has passed the bill giving a pension of three thousand dollars per annum to the widow of Abraham Lincoln, slain in the service of the Republic.

## THE CHINESE.

We should like to write an article upon the Chinese question, but the weather is too exhausting, and there is no immediate hurry. The Chinese are not coming in as a flood yet—their immigration having been so far only at the rate of about 7,000 a year, while about 300,000 immigrants come to us yearly from Europe.

We wish at present only to advise our readers not to get excited upon the question. Our laboring classes having survived the steam engine, and scores of labor-saving machines, which work even cheaper than the Chinese,—not only survived them, but been all the better for them—we do not think that their bread and butter is in any immediate danger. Why, we may have some new discovery to-morrow, say for instance of a cheap electrical or magnetic power, that may be equal to the cheap labor of a million Chinese! And the whole world, including the St. Crispins—for whose sole benefit doubtless skins and leather were created—be all the better for it.

When one of the oldest Eastern and the newest Western Civilizations come together, is it the latter which is to show signs of weakness and of fear? Here we have been blaming China for years because she would not enter into "the family of civilized nations," and when she takes us at our word, and sends a delegation of seventy-five well-behaved representatives with pig-tails into Massachusetts, the whole country is thrown into a flutter. What a good joke it must seem at Pekin. Perhaps they will offer to make us a present of their famous Chinese Wall, and a copy of their vermilion edict against the introduction into the Celestial Empire of any foreign barbarian. General Butler would be an appropriate ambassador to receive these Asiatic gifts—and acknowledge with humility that the Chinese and Japanese were right in their policy of exclusion after all.

## INFALLIBILITY.

The dogma of Papal Infallibility was carried in the Œcumenical Council on the 13th by a vote of 450 to 88. 62, or according to other reports 66, of the fathers voted conditionally.

If we understand this matter, it is simply this. The Roman Catholic Church has always professed to be an Infallible guide in religious doctrine and practice. But there has been a difference of opinion as to where the Infallibility resided—some contending in the Pope, others in a General Council, and probably others in the joint decision of both.

Now if the decision of a General Council be Infallible, as many Roman Catholics believe, then, as such a Council has just decided that the Pope is Infallible, the new Dogma must be considered to be authoritatively established to the satisfaction of all parties in the Church. Either this, or Infallibility does not reside in the Church at all.

But in declaring the Pope to be Infallible, we do not suppose it is meant that all of the Papal Father's opinions upon scientific, political, and general matters are infallibly correct—but only that in the settlement of the various religious questions which arise in the Church, his decisions as Pope, after due consideration of all the arguments pro and con, are to be considered Infallible.

We make these remarks because we think it probable that Protestants generally have a very confused notion of what the doctrine of Papal Infallibility really is—and desiring to be set right, in case we ourself have mistaken its purport.

A FOOLISH SUIT.—The *London Daily News* recently contained the following item of news:—

"The Law Lords were yesterday occupied in hearing arguments in a cause which has already come before two tribunals in Scotland, and is now brought on as an appeal before their Lordships' House. The question at issue affects the ownership of a triangular piece of ground, about eight square yards in extent, and estimated to be worth about 5s. The Lord Chancellor's attendance was required at a Cabinet Council, but Lords Chelmsford, Westbury, and Colonsay sat to hear the case, in which, amongst other counsel, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Sir Roundell Palmer, and Mr. Mellish are engaged."

It would be curious to hear what the expense of settling the ownership of that five shillings' worth of land will amount to—probably tens of thousands of dollars. Two donkeys, we infer, have their backs up.

JUSTICE TO MR. CAMERON.—Senator Cameron denies that he was purposely absent at the vote on the Income Tax. He says further that he paired off with Mr. Sprague, who would have voted for the Tax.

THE following story is told of Rev. Dr Taylor, the noted New Haven theologian:—"Profound in metaphysics, but not versed in science, he was an obstinate defender of the literal interpretation of the six days of creation in the Book of Genesis, as against the idea of six long periods of time, which Professor Silliman advocated. One day Professor Silliman took Dr. Taylor into the geological cabinet, and confronted him with several trilobites in rocks of the lower strata, and said: 'Now, Dr. Taylor, how did these once living animals get into this position, except as the rock gradually formed about them in one of those long early periods?' 'Nonsense, nonsense,' answered Dr. Taylor; 'do you think that God, when He made the rocks, couldn't have stirred in the things just as easy as a cook stirs raisins in a pudding or cake?' Professor Silliman was so disgusted that, perfection of courtesy though he was, he put on his hat, without reply, walked straight out of the building, and did not say a word to Dr. Taylor for three weeks."

### LONG AGO.

"It is not now as it hath been of yore."

O the days of long ago!
The summer days of long ago!
Still the June promise breaks out in a glow
  Of intense blue sky; and sweet roses blush,
  And woodlands are green with a golden flush,
And along the meadows the mowers go;
  But o'ercrossing it all a shadow lies—
  Is it from the sun, or over our eyes?
No shadows rested there long ago!

O the flowers of long ago!
The primrose banks of long ago!
The woodbine clusters in every hedgerow;
  The cowslip fields with their harvest-like gleam,
  The forget-me-nots growing beside each stream,
The ponds with gay lily-buds all aglow,
  The daisies—no daisies now seem to my mind
  Like the pink-edged daisies we used to find
In the May-hushed meadows long ago!

O the friends of long ago!
The parted friends of long ago!
Alas, that we ever could let them go!
  We have won to us other friends since then—
  Strong-hearted women, true and steadfast men;
We've tried them, and proved them, and found them so!
  But we miss—if the truth we dare confess—
  The trust and the loving unselfishness
Of the dear old friends of long ago!

O the love of long ago!
The fond, young love of long ago!
It was not *all* foolishness, now we know:
  It made for us then a pure paradise
  Of opening flowers and innocent eyes,
Till the thorns and thistles had time to grow.
  With longer and fuller love now we thrill;
  Yet an angel guardeth the memory still
Of our first young love-time, long ago!

O the hopes of long ago!
The brave, vain hopes of long ago!
We vowed to diminish the want and woe
  That darken this earth God made so bright;
  We meant to stand ever firm to the right,
That the world through us should the better grow.
  We felt strong as young giants in our might;
  But who of us all has fought out the fight,
And kept the faith of long ago?

O the sunny long ago!
The careless, happy long ago!
Borne forward on Time's never-ceasing flow,
  We backward glance through the gathering haze
  Of dreary nights, and still drearier days,
To the friends, the hopes, and the lilies' glow;
  And we utter a cry of longing vain
  For the life that we never can live again,
That died in our spring-time long ago!

Yearning so for long ago,
Wailing so for long ago,
A hope arises that softens the woe—
  Of a land where we shall renew our youth,
  And wear the white robes of anway'ring truth;
And walk in the fields where the amaranths grow,
  And meet a Friend who has ever been true,
  And look on a Sun whom no shadows pursue,
And never more wish for time long ago!

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M. CERNUSCHI, the Italian banker, is the hero of a pleasant little story in circulation among the European journals. After the taking of Rome and his imprisonment in Fort St. Angelo, he was compelled to leave Italy. He was without funds, but one of his compatriots said, "Here are 500 francs for which I have no pressing use. They may assist you in your exile." Twelve or fifteen years later Cernuschi, who had become wealthy, learned that his benefactor's daughter was about to be married. He wrote, asking her to accept the 500 francs, which her father had always refused to receive. "I have," said he, "invested this small sum in different enterprises which have succeeded, and I send it to you with the returns it has produced. Your husband, I hope, will not object to this addition to your fortune, which legitimately belongs to you." The 500-franc note inclosed a sum of $100,000.

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☞ Barnum, on his trip to the Pacific, did not seem surprised at the boundless plains, broad rivers, and dark gorges and canyons, but while at San Francisco he became quite interested in the sea-lions in the bay, and remarks: "A country that can produce such monsters as these is certainly not a humbug; but a people who have such a curiosity at their doors and have not the brains to utilize it—adults, fifty cents, children half-price—are no higher in the scale of civilization than a Nantucket clam."

☞ The UPPER END.—Some years ago a delegation of prominent Delaware Republicans called upon President Lincoln, and with a due sense of their own position took occasion to inform him in the course of the visit that they were all influential citizens, and among the "heavy men" of the upper end of the state. "So you all belong to the 'upper end' of the state?" reflected Mr. Lincoln, with a roguish twinkle in his eye; and then, with a look of earnest solicitude, inquired—"Is there no danger of the state tilting while you are away?" If one of these "heavy men" is asked now, when about departing from home, if he is not afraid the state will tilt, he does not seem to like it.

☞ In a quarter of San Francisco, within a radius of 1,700 feet, there are, either finished or in process of erection, three Jewish synagogues, twelve Christian churches, and a Chinese Joss house.

☞ Among the aphorisms in "Lothair" is this: "Nine-tenths of existing books are nonsense, and the clever books are a refutation of that nonsense." The clever books are, of course, very much condensed.

☞ While a man in Elko, California, was recently at work on a telegraph wire, with the end of it in his hand, a flash struck the line some distance away, instantly splitting three of the man's fingers. The electric fluid passed up his arm, across his breast, and down his side, darting out at his knee, leaving a blackened orifice like a bullet-hole, and plunged into the ground. The man was knocked senseless, but soon recovered.

### The Tax Bills.

The Tax and Tariff Bill effects a large reduction of taxation, for Congress was compelled to lend an ear to the clamor of the country, and the influence of the Treasury Department was not able to prevail entirely against the unmistakable popular demand for a lightening of the burden. But there is no doubt that Congress might wisely, and with good policy, have made a still further reduction, and that the $60,000,000, or thereabouts, might very well have been increased to a hundred millions and more. So far as we have got at this present writing, the whole system of special or license taxes is abolished except the licenses of brewers and distillers. The income tax is set at two and a half per cent. instead of five, and the exemption is set at $2,000. This relieves the law of a great deal of its practical injustice, for it removes from its pressure most of the men of small fixed salaries.

The House, as we write, has accepted the diminution of percentage and the increase of exemption, but confers with the Senate as to limiting the operation of the tax to the years 1870 and 1871. There will be more gold watches owned in the country hereafter than the singularly small number which have been in existence here since 1863, for the tax on those articles is dropped, as is that on carriages, billiard-tables, gold and silver plate, boats and barges, passports, legacies, and successions, and gross receipts. Stamp taxes are taken off canned fish, transfers of mortgages, and notes of less than $100. Except stamp taxes, no taxes are henceforth to be paid on sales except on sales of tobacco, wines, and cigars.—*The Nation.*

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### A Novel Ceremony.

A marriage was lately performed before the Mayor of Ravenna, Ohio, after this formula:—

"Before you, as witnesses, I agree to take Catherine Stoorl, whom I hold by the right hand, and whom I intelligently, religiously, and spiritually love, to be my companion through life, and to her I accord equal rights, socially, religiously, and politically with myself. WALTER PIERCE."

"Before you, as witnesses, I agree to take Walter Pierce, whom I now hold by the hand, and whom I intelligently, religiously, and spiritually love, to be my companion through life, and I agree not to usurp over or transcend him in any particular.

"CATHERINE STOOEL."

"By this voluntary and premeditated act, in your presence, we declare ourselves religiously, philosophically, and scientifically married. WALTER PIERCE,
CATHERINE PIERCE."

These papers having been duly filed, his Honor completed the contract thus entered into be pronouncing the parties husband and wife.

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ONE of the best medicines for dyspepsia is good doses of *laughter*. To be constantly eating meals with a never-broken moroseness will as surely bring on dyspeptic symptoms as the practice is carried out. Those people who allow their religious feelings to exercise a rigid control over their pleasurable emotions are almost invariably dyspeptic, and usually die of consumption. And it is equally deleterious to health to have the brain employed upon abstract matters at meal time. Lively, cheerful conversation with laughter will do much to help digestion, and is in fact one of the best antidotes to dyspepsia. Let all who doubt the statement try it for a suitable length of time before condemning.

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THE DRINKING CUP.

The sky is a drinking cup
  That was overturned of old,
And it pours on the heads of men
  Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day
  Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
  By the jewels in the cup.

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☞ The London Post, referring to the weather in England being so unfavorable to the crops as to leave "little hope of these being an average produce," is disposed to entertain an opinion that agriculturists have permitted their systems of cultivation based upon scientific theories to lead them beyond the limits that practice pointed to as safe. It points out, that while formerly the heavy rains of winter penetrated the soil so as to render it so thoroughly saturated as to be prepared for excessive drought, the present system of agriculture prevents the moisture resting on the land, and farmers have to depend more on the weather than formerly.

☞ A New York lady received, among her wedding presents, three sewing-machines, six large family Bibles, and ten ice-pitchers. A Boston lady had twenty-one pairs of silver salt-cellars among her bridal presents.

☞ The sponge fishery at the island of Rhodes has been so greatly facilitated by the use of the shaphemder or diving machine, of which two hundred are now in use on the coast, that the price of the article is very rapidly falling.

☞ In a recent battle of the birds in Trenton, N. J., where the wrens fought for possession of the nest-houses provided for the imported sparrows, the English birds were driven away, the little bird maintaining its royalty and despotism by its pluck and rapidity of attack.

☞ The following lines were found on a lawyer's table in the Rochester court-house, after the adjournment of court the other day—

Fair woman was made to bewitch;
  A companion, a nurse,
  A blessing, a curse,
Fair woman was made to be-witch!

☞ Professor S——, of Hartford, the other day felt uncomfortably stiff and sore—caught cold, perhaps. He lay down on a lounge, and requested his friend W—— to knead and rub him after the movement cure style. W—— gently beat him on the chest. "How hollow it sounds," said K——, who was looking on. "That's nothing," said W——; "wait till I get to his head."

☞ A German statistical writer remarks that the invention of the sewing-machine has enabled one woman to sew as much as a hundred could sew by hand a century ago; but, he continues, one woman now demands as much clothing as a hundred did a century ago—so that matters are not much changed after all.

☞ Arthur Helps says:—"There is a secret belief amongst some men that God is displeased with man's happiness; and in consequence they slink about creation, ashamed and afraid to enjoy anything."

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIA and Register of Important Events of the year 1869. Embracing Political, Civil, Military, and Social Affairs, Public Documents, Biography, Statistics, Commerce, Finance, Literature, Science, Agriculture, and Mechanical Industry. Volume IX. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by James K. Simon, 29 South Sixth St., Philada.

CRANBERRY CULTURE. By JOSEPH J. WHITE, a Practical Grower. Illustrated. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. This work aims to embody, in a plain and concise manner, all the useful and practical facts which study and experience have yielded to the inquiring cranberry grower of the present time.

LIFE IN UTAH; or, The Mysteries and Crimes of Mormonism. Being an Expose of the Sacred Rites and Ceremonies of the Latter-Day Saints, with a full and authentic history of polygamy and the Mormon sect from its origin to the present time. By J. H. BEADLE, editor of the Salt Lake Reporter, and Utah correspodent of the Cincinnati Commercial. Published by the National Publishing Co., Philada., Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Louis, Mo.; Boston, Mass., and Atlanta, Ga. Issued by subscription only, and not for sale in the book stores. Residents of any state desiring a copy should address the publishers, and an agent will call upon them. Agents are desired in every county.

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### SONG.

The clover-blossoms kiss her feet,
  She is so sweet,
While I, who may not kiss her hand,
Bless all the wild-flowers in the land.

Soft sunshine falls across her breast,
  She is so blest.
I'm jealous of its arms of gold:
Oh that her form these arms might fold!

Gently the breezes kiss her hair,
  She is so fair.
Let flowers, and sun, and breeze go by;
Oh dearest, love me, or I die.

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## War in Europe.

### FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.

PARIS, July 15, 8 P. M.—The Corps Legislatif declared war against Prussia ten minutes before 3 this afternoon.

Holland will remain neutral in the struggle. The belligerents have engaged to respect the neutrality of Belgium, yet troops are rapidly concentrating at Antwerp and other strategic points.

The specie and bullion in the National Bank at Antwerp have been removed to the Citadel, and an issue of paper money is announced.

BERLIN, July 15.—The King returns here to-day. There is great excitement here.

The North German Gazette has a despatch from Ems to-day giving the particulars of the withdrawal of Benedetti. It seems that he accosted the King of Prussia while the latter was drinking the waters, demanding peremptorily his intentions on the pending imbroglio.

He was therefore dismissed immediately. The same paper says there is much activity at the Prussian ports, which are being put in a state of defence. Fourteen iron-clads and frigates are ready to start from Brest and Cherbourg.

The Bundesrath of the North German confederation meet here to-day. The Prussian Diet is already in session. Chiefs of all parties assure the King of their unqualified approval of his dignified and energetic attitude.

A resolution was adopted according unlimited credit for national defence. The King of Saxony has abandoned his long-planned tour, and remains at Dresden.

PARIS, July 14, Evening.—It is reported on the best authority that an angry interview occurred between the Emperor and the Prime Minister Ollivier, growing out of the latter's known disposition for peace. The Emperor violently denounced Ollivier's efforts in this direction.

The movement of troops towards the Rhine frontier is incessant. Eastern France is absolutely alive with soldiers. The troops which have hitherto garrisoned Paris have gone, and raw levies are slowly replacing them. Ambulances and caissons throng the streets of the city on their route to the East.

PARIS July 15, 3 P. M.—The excitement in the city is very great to-day. No opposition to the war is manifested by any class of citizens. Rentes have advanced to 66 francs.

La Liberte reports that great masses of troops were put in motion last night for the frontier, and the Emperor will soon take the field in person.

A proclamation, it is said, signed by Napoleon, has been prepared for distribution throughout the German States as soon as the French troops have crossed the frontier. It assures the German people that France wars against Prussia, not against Germany, and with no idea of conquest. An enormous number of copies have been printed.

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EFFECTS OF THE EUROPEAN WAR.—The gold market in New York was greatly excited, and gold advanced to 115.

At the Produce Exchange, too, the excitement runs high, and prices are on the upward tack. Flour was largely purchased for export, at an advance of 15 a 25 per barrel. Wheat is 2 a 3c. higher, and corn 1 a 2c.

The German steamer Hermann will sail as usual. As she carries the United States mails, the owners, think she will not be interfered with. At the Convention of 1860, it will be remembered it was agreed by France and Prussia that in case of war private correspondence and private property should be respected. The next steamer of the line will be the Silesia, to sail next week.

The French Atlantic line say they will dispatch their steamers as usual, in the absence of instructions from the other side, ordering otherwise.

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☞ The speed of the tongue is a subject for very curious statistical computation. An English sage says that each person on an average talks during three hours in the twenty-four at the rate of 100 words per minute, or 29 octavo pages per hour, which would make 600 pages per week, or 59 good stout volumes.

☞ A lady wants to know why Hymen is represented with a torch. Perhaps it is to throw a light upon those little imperfections Love is blind to.

☞ Rear Admiral John A. Dahlgren died recently in Washington, aged 60 years.

☞ It is understood that when the Prince of Wales comes to the throne, he will drop the name of Albert, and be known in history as Edward the Seventh.

☞ A DOSE FOR MOSQUITOES.—Take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel, and holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room, and expell the mosquitoes. One night I was terribly annoyed by them, when I thought of and tried the above, after which I never saw nor heard them that night, and the next morning there was not one to be found in the room, though the window had been left open all night.

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### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—6000 bbls sold from $4.85@5.25 for superfine; $5.25@5.50 for extra; $5.75@6.75 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family, $6@7 for Penna do, $6.50@6.75 for Indiana family, $6.50@7 for Ohio do, and $7.50@8.00 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye; 300 bbls sold at $5.25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—16,000 bus Penna red at $1.45@1.50; 15'0 bus Delaware red at $1.50 ₩ bus. Rye; 2200 bus sold at $1@1.02 for Western, and $1.08@1.10 ₩ bus for Penna. Corn; 30,000 bus yellow sold at $1.08@1.10 for Penna and Southern, and 75,000 bus Western at $1@1.02 for low mixed, and $1.02@1.05 for high mixed. Oats; 30,000 bus sold at 49@50c for Western; 50@52c for mixed Penna; 54c for bright, and 55c for light Penna.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $20@20.50. Mess Beef at $21@22 ₩ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams are quoted at $30@32 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 21@22c; Excel-lor hams at 24c; sides at 17@18c, and shoulders at 14½@15c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 20@21½c, and shoulders in salt at 13@13½c. Lard—400 bbls and tcs at 16@16½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs 17½c. Butter—Good roll at 26@28c; very choice do 30c. Cheese at 12½@15c. Eggs sell at 21@22c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—75 bales of middlings sold at 29c for uplands and 29½c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of No 1 Quercitron at $32 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Peaches and Apples—Apples at 5@6c, and Peaches at 7@8c for quarters, 9@10c for halves, and 17@20c for pared.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 ℔s, $1,65@1.80; Mixed do $1,35@1.40; Straw $1,25@1.40.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 19@22c, and Wisconsin at 10@15c ₩ ℔.

IRON—No 1 sold at $42@43; No 2 is quoted at $38@39. Bar Iron is quoted at $70@77 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed we quote at $8@9. Timothy at $7@8. Flaxseed at $2,30@2,35 ₩ bus.

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### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₩ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—11,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½c ₩ ℔. 2500 Hogs sold at from $12,50 to 13,00 ₩ 100 ℔s.

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### Interesting to Ladies.

"I have a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine that I purchased in November, 1858, and although in use for more than ten years, doing all kinds of work with perfect satisfaction, it still is in good order. I consider it a very excellent machine, and would not part with it for any other consideration than to get one of your present make with the recent improvements."—*Mrs. E. N. McCall, Old Saybrook, Ct.*

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### Vast Quantities of Ivory Destroyed.

Thousands of teeth that might last a lifetime are lost every year, simply because the parties concerned either forget or do not appreciate the fact that SOZODONT, duly applied, renders the dental substance proof against decay.

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Accidents will occur even in the best regulated families, and "SPALDING'S GLUE" should be kept handy.

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**For the last few years** the proprietors of the celebrated PLANTATION BITTERS have been experimenting in the growing of Calisaya Bark on the Island of Jamaica, and have found, from actual tests, and by no means a mean experience, that this valuable bark can be grown with marked success only upon the mountains from 1500 to 4000 feet high. There the forests are often bedewed with the early mist, and this tree arrives at its full perfection. Owing to the largely increasing demand for the bark required for the manufacture of quinine, and also for use in the preparation of Plantation Bitters, the procuring of it has been a source of great anxiety to the proprietors, and seeing, as they did, that the South American supply would soon give out, took the above early precaution to fully supply the demand, and, assisted and encouraged as they are by the English government, at Jamaica, we have not the least doubt but they will succeed.

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For a cheap, delicious, and healthful table-dessert there is nothing half so good as Blanc Mange Pudding, Custard, &c., &c., made from SEA MOSS FARINE. Try it and convince yourself.

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**For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan** on the face use PERRY'S "MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known for removing brown discolorations. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists in Philadelphia and elsewhere. jy2-5t

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**The Prettiest Woman in New York** Miss K——, well known in our fashionable society for her *distingue* appearance and beautiful complexion, was once a sallow, rough-skinned girl, chagrinned at her red, freckled face. She pitched into Hagan's Magnolia Balm, and is now as pretty in complexion as she is charming in manners. This article overcomes freckles, tan, sallowness, moth-patches, ring-marks, etc., and makes one look ten years younger than they are. Magnolia Balm for a transparent complexion, and Lyon's Kathairon to make the hair plentiful, luxuriant, soft and delicate, have no rivals. The Kathairon prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the best and cheapest dressing in the world. jy2-5t

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**"Skin Diseases." "Swayne's Ointment."**

A sovereign remedy for all skin diseases, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Army Itch, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Blotches, Barber's Itch, Ringworm, Itching Piles, &c. No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail for 60 cents, postage paid. Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 830 North 6th st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. je25-eowtf

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## PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains no LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. jy16-4t

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YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Musicians and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, upon the Piano, Organ, Guitar, Harp, and desiring further information will please apply for circular to the Principal of Music Vale Seminary, Music Vale New London Co., Conn. jy2-3m

Music Vale Seminary

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MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

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BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

*Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.*

**Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.**

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 18-tf

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**Health's Best Defence.**

"The weak eateth herbs," says St. Paul, so that eighteen hundred years ago the value of medicinal plants was appreciated. In the Old Testament botanical remedies are repeatedly recommended, but in no passage of sacred history is man recommended to swallow calomel, or blue pill, or any other mineral preparation. The sick were directed to eat herbs to strengthen them, to purify them, to heal them, to restore them. In that day the art of making vegetable extracts was unknown. The herbal medicines were mere infusions.

It was reserved for a later age to unite the sanitary essences of tonic, aperient and anti-bilious roots, barks, and plants, with an active stimulant, and thus secure their rapid diffusion through the debilitated or disordered system. The crowning triumph of this effective mode of concentrating and applying the virtues of medicinal vegetables was achieved in the production of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. Never before had a perfectly pure alcoholic stimulant been combined with the expressed juices of the finest specifics of the vegetable kingdom. Never yet, though eighteen years have elapsed since its introduction, has this great restorative been equalled. It is taken at all seasons, in all climes, as the most potent safeguard against epidemics, as a protection against all unhealthy exhalations that produce debility or beget disease; as a remedy for intermittent and other malarious fevers; as an appetizer; as a sovereign cure for dyspepsia; as a general tonic and invigorant; as a gentle, painless aperient; as a blood depurent; as a nervine; as a cure for bilious affections; as a harmless anodyne; and as the *best defence of health* under unfavorable circumstances, such as sedentary pursuits, undue bodily or mental exertion, hardship, privation and exposure. jy2-6t

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**Psychomancy, Fascination,** or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co., 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

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**Important Notice.**—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of *wounds* or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 135 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sept-1y

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## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

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On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, ROBERT S. LEAGUE to MARY M. CROMWELL, daughter of the late Capt. Jos. Michaels, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Emerson, Mr. JOHN M. COCHRAN to Miss MARY E. R. WEBER, both of this city.

On the 15th of June, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JAMES B. WALKER to Miss MARIA M. BRIAN, both of this city.

On the 18th of Oct., by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. HENRY N. WYNKOOP to Miss ELLA M. HAYDON, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Matthew Gulley, Mr. ROBERT G. FARRELL to Miss ELIZABETH WINCHESTER, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. S. C. Wolley, Mr. GEORGE C. FITHIAN to Miss MARY A. YOUNG, both of this city.

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## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

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On the 13th instant, DANIEL HAMMER, in his 65th year.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM H. KELLEY, in his 44th year.

On the 11th instant, WILLIAM MASON, in his 80th year.

On the 11th instant, MRS. TAMSON HOFFMAN, in her 58th year.

On the 11th instant, ABRAHAM WILKINS, in his 70th year.

On the 10th instant, JOHN J. CAMPBELL, in his 33d year.

On the 10th instant, MARTHA WILLIAMS, in her 71st year.

On the 9th instant, ELIZABETH STRATTON, aged 39 years.

On the 8th instant, REBECCA, wife of David Chambers, in her 59th year.

# PROSPECTUS.

## Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

**Bessy Rane.**

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

**Leonie's Mystery.**

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

**A Novelet**

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

**Who Told?**

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

**The Gems of the English Magazines.**

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

### IF ONLY.

If only in my dreams I once might see
  Thy face: though thou shouldst stand
  With cold, unreaching hand,
  Nor vex thy lips to break
The silence, with a word for my love's sake,
  Nor turn to mine thine eyes,
Serene with the long peace of Paradise,
  Yet, henceforth, life would be
More sweet, not wholly bitter unto me.

If only I might know for verity,
  That when the light is done
  Of this world's sun,
  And that unknown, long-sealed
To sound and sight, is suddenly revealed,
  That thine should be the first dear voice
    thereof,
And thy dear face the first—O love, my
    love!
  Then coming death would be
Sweet, a most sweet—not bitter unto me!

## An Adventure with a Burglar.

I went to Covent Garden Theatre one night last season. We were let out at twelve, and I set off to my lodgings. I knocked: there was no answer. I knocked again: a window was thrown up, and my landlay's head appeared.

"Who are you?" she screamed.

"Let's in, please; it's *me!*" I answered.

"Then, Mr. Me, if you don't come home afore ten, you may stay out till mornin'. I never wait up for my lodgers—my door is closed at ten!" and then the window closed with a bang.

"No go!" thinks I. "I have no money. "I'll go to a railway station, and wait in the waiting-room till morning;" which resolution I proceeded to carry out by walking briskly for the Bank.

I turned into Moorgate street, and was just thinking whether I should go to the London, Brighton, and South Coast, or the London Bridge station. I stopped to think. There was a confectioner's shop just in front of me. Oh, that it were open! I had threepence left.

Just at this moment a tall, broad-shouldered man came up to me, and viewed me from top to toe. *I* looked at him. He was dressed in dark clothes; a pea-jacket and a clap-trap cloth hat, with a peak lying level on the forehead, gave me a feeling of awe. The thought forced itself upon me that he was a garroter. He spoke first.

"You're Mr. Sam?" and he laid his finger on his nose.

"You've guessed it," said I, thinking it best to agree with him, although my name was Tom.

"Then come along!" and away we went.

"Did Butler give ye e'er a pistol?" he asked.

"No," said I, beginning to tremble. "He said he wanted them himself."

"Just like him. He told me I'd find you standing in Moorgate street between twelve and one, opposite the confectioner's, with your right hand in your pocket."

"I'm in for it!" thinks I, "but I must go through with it. But whatever will it come to at all at all?"

He led me through a labyrinth of streets, walking rather fast, till we emerged upon the City Road. Then he made straight for the Angel, and from thence took a cab for Fleet street! What object he had in doing this I cannot say. He did not offer to explain; in fact, not a word passed between us till we got out at the top of Ludgate Hill.

From thence we went into a back street, and out of that to another, no matter which, and suddenly stopping opposite a shop, he exclaimed—

"There's our crib!"

"Is it?" says I.

Whereupon he produced from his pocket a rule. The shop was evidently a tailor's, as it had bars standing out, like the rungs of a Jacob's ladder, from each side of the door, to exhibit stock upon. My friend stepped on the first of these, which was three feet from the ground, and speedily measured the height of a large glass fanlight over the door; then, stepping down again, he measured the breadth of the door, and as the fanlight was square, he muttered to me, by way of giving me its dimensions—

"Three and a half by two high!" and chuckled quietly.

Then he crossed the road, and I followed, he explaining that we must wait till the policeman passed. He hove in sight about ten minutes afterwards, while we walked past him. Then we waited till he returned. This time we did not pass him, but watched him from a corner at a distance.

"Twenty minutes and a half between going and coming," exclaimed my companion. "And a handy beat; for he comes up the corner there"—pointing to one a little beyond the shop—"and goes down this street next ours."

The impression began to steal over me that I was committing, or helping to commit a felony, and that if caught I might get into trouble. I thought of running for it; but the remark my companion made at that moment, to the effect that it would be a short run if I deserted him (for he seemed to see I didn't like the job), deterred me. I dared not explain that he had made a mistake, for I felt sure that he must have mistaken me for some ally of his own. "I must go through with it," thinks I. "He'll leave me outside to watch, and I'll hook it then!" So I went on.

He crossed the street again the moment the policeman was past interfering with us, and, producing a piece of stout black cloth, he applied the rule thereto, I holding it against the shutters while he set out "three and a half by two" thereon. This done, he cut it within two inches of the measurement all round; and then producing a treacle-pot from his pocket, he smothered one side of the cloth with treacle, and, desiring me to hold it, he mounted the shop-door, so to speak, again; and I gave him the cloth, which he immediately clapped on to the skylight, the treacle making it adhere firmly to the glass. Then, looking at his watch, he cried—

"By Gosh! he'll be here this minute!" and away we walked. A glance behind us, as we turned the next corner. Not yet in sight! We stopped and waited, but the policeman came not. My friend muttered an oath, adding, "I'll go. Come along; but keep your weather-eye open!" And off we went.

"Perhaps he is watching us?" I suggested. But the idea was discarded as not in the nature of a policeman "like that one we saw."

We arrived at the shop. He mounted again, and drove a string through a hole in the cloth. Then he ran a diamond round the edge of the glass. A gentle pat, and it gave way. Now I saw the use of the cloth and string. He could hold the glass by the string; and he slowly let it down into the shop, and, producing a long-shaped pad, he laid it along the bottom of the fanlight to cover the glass edge, and threw one leg into the opening, and got astride of it!

"Follow me," he muttered, and ducked his head under the door-head. But before he could draw in the other leg, I mounted the ladder, and seizing it, gave him a pull that kept him from going in, at the same yelling, "Police! Thieves! Murder! Police!" at the top of my voice. And, lo and behold! the policeman appeared at the corner at that moment. A horrible oath from within, a pistol-bullet whistling past my head, and I ran for death and life. I did not stop till I found myself in Broad street.

In the next day's papers I saw the account of the capture of a burglar by *one* policeman, who had watched *two* burglars from the corner, and saw one enter the house, and the other leap up the wall like a cat, grab at a disappearing leg, and yell "Police!" and run.

The one that was caught got seven years' penal servitude; and "The police are searching vigilantly, though as yet unsuccessfully, for the other, who, it appears, is a *desperate character!*" They never caught him.

### The Arabs.

No Arab is ever curious. Curiosity, with all Eastern nations, is considered unmanly. No Arab will stop in the street or turn his head round to listen to the talk of bystanders. No Arab will dance, play on an instrument, or indulge in cards or any game of chance, since games of chance are forbidden by the Koran. Never, moreover, invite an Arab to take a walk with you for pleasure. Although the Arabs are, on occasion; good walkers, they have no notion of walking for amusement; they only walk as a matter of business. Their temperance, their constant outdoor habits, render all exercise for exercise sake unnecessary; they cannot, therefore, understand the pleasure of walking for walking sake. What Arabs like best is to sit still, and when they see Europeans walking up and down in a public place in Algeria, they say, "Look, look, the Christians are going mad!" The Arab does not even mount on horseback except as a matter of business or for his public fetes and carousals. And when you do walk, you must never walk quickly, just as in speaking you should not talk fast or loud, for the Koran tells you: "Endeavor to moderate thy step, and to speak in a low tone, for the most disagreeable of voices is the voice of the ass."

Indeed, it was observed by a famous Arab, "Countless are the vices of men; but one thing will redeem them all, propriety of speech."

And again. "Of the word which is not spoken I am the master; but of the word which is spoken I am the slave."

The famous proverb, "Speech is of silver, but silence is of gold," is a motto of Arab origin.

A silent, grave, people the Arabs, and a polite one, too, as we said; very much given, nevertheless, to highway robbery on a large scale, which they call razzias in Algeria; but the Arab's tent is always open to you, and you get any amount of couscousou, camel's milk, or even roasted mutton, if he has it. You will be treated as a "guest from God" as long as you are under his roof, after which "Your happiness is in your hands," which means that your host, who fed you in the evening, may, at a decent distance from his tent, rifle your saddle-bags in the morning, and let the "powder speak to you" if you object, after which "Allah be merciful to you."

☞ One of the quickest ways of making a fortune is to marry a fashionable young lady and sell her clothes. The principal objection in this proceeding is, that the seller might get sold in the transaction. We think, however, that there is little question that the quickest way of spending a fortune would be to marry a fashionable lady and buy her clothes. The experiment has been tried frequently, with the same results.

### A REGRET.

I.

I met the maiden that I loved
  One evening on the lea;
And save a peeping star or two
  All by ourselves were we.
The silken moths flew round about,
  And softly moved the air,
And softlier on my shoulder fell
  The flutter of her hair.
And so we walked an hour or more,
  How swift the minutes sped!
And when we parted—well-a-day,
  What might I not have said?

II.

I met the maiden that I loved
  One sweet May-morn again,
And save the happy Sabbath bells
  No sound was in the lane.
But when I looked her in the face
  So fast the blushes flew,
No wild-rose blossom in the Spring
  Had ever such a hue.
And so we wandered toward the church;
  How swift the minutes sped!
And then we parted—well-a-day,
  What might I not have said?

III.

I met the maiden that I loved
  Once more in after years,
And as she passed me in the street,
  I scarce could look for tears.
For by her side a stranger walked,
  And she might be his bride—
But oh! she smiled not as of yore,
  Our darling village pride.
Then most I thought of one still eve,
  Of one May-morn, how sped,
And how we parted—well-a-day,
  What might I not have said?

## Two Rainy Days.

For many years there was an oldfashioned bookseller's shop in Little Marlborough street, London, kept by William Row, who has been long since gathered to his fathers. His son used to tell how he owed his luck to one rainy day, and his life or his leg to another, thus:—

When my father first set up in business, he took a little shop in Oxford street. It rained suddenly one morning, and a lady ran in and said to him:

"May I ask for shelter until the rain is over?"

"You are quite welcome, ma'am. Sit down in this chair, out of the draught. Here is a book; you can look at the pictures if you don't want to read."

The lady smiled and sat for some time. She appeared uneasy at the protracted rain, and frequently went to the door to look for signs of its abating. My father, seeing this, said to her—

"Perhaps you would like me to send for a hackney coach?"

"Why, no," said the lady; "I only want to go as far as Hayward's" (about fifty yards lower down,) "to buy some lace."

My father fetched his umbrella.

"Here, ma'am, is a brau-new silk umbrella at your service; pray accept the loan of it."

"You must be a very kind person indeed," said the lady, "to offer me your umbrella. I am quite a stranger to you."

"I am sure you'll send it back. Let me put it up for you. But, your shoes; have they double soles? No. Black satin slippers, as thin as dancing-pumps! Here, Jessy, my dear, bring your pattens."

Pattens in those day were rather formidable affairs. Clogs and golloshes were not invented. Pattens were pieces of wood, shaped and hollowed to fit the foot, mounted on circular iron rings.

When my mother brought the pattens, the lady looked at them with dismay.

"I never wore a pair of pattens in my life," said she.

"Never wore pattens?" said my father. "Then pray get a pair directly; they will keep your feet dry, and save you more than their price in shoe leather."

The lady put on the pattens, and burst out laughing.

"Pray excuse me; they are so absurd; but I think I can manage to balance myself; so I thank you for your great civility, and I will be sure to send back your property as soon as I get home."

Week after week, until six weeks were told, slipped away, and no tidings came of the lady. My father was nicely joked by the neighbors about his new silk umbrella and my mother's pattens; but he always told them he was sure the things would come back some day or other.

One morning a fine carriage with a couple of tall footmen behind, carrying gold-headed canes, stopped at our door. A lady got out; the identical lady to whom my father had lent his umbrella.

"You must forgive me," said she, "for keeping your umbrella so long; but I was obliged to go to Spain, to my husband, who is with Wellington—and I returned only last night. Here is your umbrella—not the worse for wear, I hope—and accept my thanks for the loan of it. Pray let me speak a word to your good lady."

My mother came into the shop, and the lady, calling one of the footmen, asked him for the parcel on the seat in the carriage. When it was brought and opened, it contained my mother's pattens, and a beautiful Spanish merino shawl, which the lady insisted on her accepting.

"And here," said she, taking out a long strip of paper and giving it to my father, "I've put down a few things I want; Lord Groogroo has given me this other list. Please send them to the addresses on these cards. Good-morning; I shall not forget you."

And this lady proved to be no less a personage than the Marchioness Crickcrack!

I afterwards learned that Lady Crickcrack, when her purchases were completed, walked over to her house in Dean street—Dean street was then full of noblemen's mansions—and there meeting with a party of distinguished people, told them the story of the umbrella and the pattens. The pattens were ordered into the drawing-room, and great merriment was occasioned by the ladies present trying their skill at walking in them.

Lady Crickcrack and Lord Groogroo not only continued their custom, but sent us their friends. Lord Groogroo took very much to my father. He was the proudest man in Europe; wouldn't touch the handle of the door with his glove; always touched it with the tail of his coat. But he was a true gentleman, every inch. He used to say to my father: "Row, you must take a holiday. Go down to my place, stay a week or a month, and tell the butler and housekeeper to make you comfortable."

My father, if he pleased, might have been one of the magistrates at Marlborough street Police Court. Lord Groogroo sent for him one morning, and when he came into the room, said:

"Row, you've been smoking."

"I assure your lordship I have not."

"Then you've been in a room where other people were smoking. Go home and change your coat, and come back to me directly."

My father went home and put on another coat, and when he came back his lordship said:

"Row, you are to be the new magistrate at Marlborough street Police Court. I have spoken to Sidmouth, and he has promised to accept my nomination."

"But, my lord, I don't think I am fit for the position!"

"I say you are. We want such men as you on the bench. It's worth your acceptance. Six hundred a year, and a house to live in."

"I have heard, my lord, that Lord Henry Petty has applied on behalf of Mr. Conant, the bookseller."

"I know it. Petty's a twopenny Whig, and has no chance. I've arranged the matter with Sidmouth; so think it over, and let me have your answer in a week."

My father went home and talked over the offer with my mother; but he loved his old bookshop, and as he had his hands full of publishing business, he decided on not accepting it. He wrote a letter of thanks, declining to take the place.

He always used to say that two rainy days were the luckiest days of his life. The first brought him prosperity in business; the second, perhaps, saved his life, certainly saved his leg.

There was a parish feast at the Marlborough Head tavern, at which one of the vestry had to put a dozen of wine on the table. My father was there, and had taken more than he could comfortably carry, so when he got home and looked for the keyhole latch-key in hand, he could not find it. Not wishing to disturb my mother, he thought he could get in at the first-floor window. So he climbed up the spout outside the house until he got to the lead coping, but, there missing his footing, he fell heavily into the street. The watchman picked him up, and at first thought he was killed; he got the street door open and took him into his bedroom. In a short time he came to his senses, but could not move one of his legs. Mr. Swift, a celebrated surgeon, was sent for; he came, and, on examining the damaged leg, said it was broken. He could do nothing to it then, but at four o'clock in the afternoon he would bring his instruments and cut it off. My mother was in a dreadful way at hearing this, and so was my father. In the morning when the shop was opened and the apprentices were told of what had happened, there was a good deal of crying, for they all loved the old gentleman. Just about mid-day it began to rain. A gentleman wearing a cloak came in, and said he was on his way to the levee, and as he could not afford to spoil his court-dress, might he stop a few minutes until the rain was over? "But," says he "what are ye all crying for?"

One of the shopmen tells him that my father broke his leg that morning, and that at four o'clock Mr. Swift was coming to cut it off.

"That's sharp work!" said the gentleman. "I have ten minutes to spare. I am a surgeon. Go upstairs and say I would like to look at the limb."

My father made no objection, and the gentleman went upstairs, and, after examining the leg, said: "This leg is *not* broken. Run and get in half-a-dozen men, and bring me a couple of thin boards."

They called in some of the neighbors, and after the gentleman had cut the boards into lengths, he got the joint right again, which had been twisted out of its place, and having bound it up in splints, went to the levee, promising to call on his return.

Mr. Swift looked in, about an hour before four o'clock, and told us to get up the kitchen table and make things ready, while he went for his amputating instruments.

One of the apprentices told him that a gentleman had been there, and what the gentleman had said and done.

"Tell him from me he's a quack," said Mr. Swift. "I say the leg must come off!"

Mr. Swift went away, and almost immediately afterwards the gentleman came in.

"Well, how gets on my patient?" says he.

"Oh! Mr. Swift has been here and says you are a quack."

"A quack, is it? Surgeon O'Brien, of the Six Hundred and Forty-fourth, a quack! I'll wait for the gentleman, and ask him to explain his small mistake."

Mr. O'Brien went into the bed-room, and waited for Mr. Swift, who came at the time appointed.

"If you don't have that leg off directly," said Mr. Swift to my father, "you had better make your will."

"You think so, do you?" says the other, coming forward; "hadn't you better be thinking about making your own will first? You called me a quack! Surgeon O'Brien, of his Majesty's Six Hundred and Forty-fourth, who was in Bunker's Hill and half a dozen other battles in America! But you are an old man, and that saves your bones. Get out of the house by the door, if you don't want to be thrown out by the window. And, mark my words! I'll have this gentleman down in his shop in a fortnight, a better man than ever he was in his life!"

Mr. O'Brien kept his word; he cured my father, and for thirty years they were the firmest friends.

☞ A WONDERFUL PLANT.—A specimen of the wonderful plant, "the flower of the Holy Ghost," has been successfully raised in Norwich, Connecticut. The flower is a creamy white cup, nearly as large as half an egg, and extremely beautiful, and its wonder as a natural floral growth is the fact that in this flower is a little pure white dove, with pink bill and eyes, and its head turned as if looking over its back. Its wings, feet, bill, etc., are as absolutely perfect as those of the living dove, whose counterpart the wonderful mimic bird is.

☞ A debating club in Worcester lately discussed the question: "Whether a rooster's knowledge of daybreak is the result of observation or instinct."

☞ At a spiritual circle the other evening a gentleman requested the medium to ask what amusement was the most popular in the spiritual world. The reply was, "Reading our own obituary notices."

### GOOD-NIGHT.

BY R. C. FORD.

Softly melts the light of day,
  Shifting shadows haunt the world,
Hushed the thrush's evening lay,
  The martin's loves have all been told.
    Still wait; still wait;
And let your arms be clasped tight,
While thus I kiss you, love, good-night.

The hours creep on, the distant bell
  With babbling tongue tells out the hour;
I would some steeple-sprite would quell
  The ceaseless din with magic power.
    But wait; still wait;
And let your arms be clasped tight,
And thus I'll kiss you, love, good-night.

Yes, fold me closer to your breast,
  And hear again my whispered vow;
I would in one long peaceful rest
  Pass all eternity as now.
    So wait; still wait;
And let your arms be clasped tight;
Thus, best, I'll kiss you, love, good-night.

There—you must go; I yield my prize;
  Sweet dreams attend you till the morn.
The moon's last ray in silence dies,
  As in the west she dips her horn.
    So wait; still wait;
And let your arms be clasped tight,
So, darling, once again—Good-night.

# PAULINA LYNDE.

## A Dalecarlian Tale.

**IN FOUR CHAPTERS.**

### CHAPTER I.

The town of Hanstadt is situated in the very heart of the richest mining district of the Swedish province of Dalecarlia. Generally speaking, mining districts are not remarkable for beauty of scenery, but Hanstadt and its neighborhood are exceptions to the rule. A range of lofty hills rises at the distance of a few miles northward of the town, and shelters it from the bleak north winds, and it is almost surrounded with dense forests, through which roads and pathways are cut, leading to the mines to which the town and district owe their wealth and prosperity, and to the seaports whence the copper and other mineral ores, and no inconsiderable quantity of timber from the forests, are shipped to Stockholm and to numerous other Baltic ports, for transhipment to all parts of Europe.

Hanstadt contains, or rather, I should say, contained, at the period to which my story relates, some four thousand inhabitants—but an insignificant population for a town in Southern Europe, but a very respectable population for a Swedish provincial town, even at the present day. Many of its inhabitants are possessed of considerable wealth, for copper-mining—in which most of the male population are engaged—is a profitable employment; and the Dalecarlians, though hospitable to strangers and fond of merrymaking on holidays and suitable occasions, are an industrious, frugal people, and careful to lay by in youth and vigorous manhood a sufficient provision for old age. Even at the present day they are a domestic, home-loving people, who believe their native province to be the fairest spot on earth, and few care to wander abroad, or to try their fortune in foreign lands; and at the date to which my story belongs it would have been difficult to find any one among them of a lower rank than a proprietor who had travelled beyond the limits of the province, and a journey as far as the chief city of Stockholm was held to be a serious undertaking, and they who had accomplished the journey and returned in safety were regarded as wonderful travellers, and as oracles of knowledge during the remainder of their lives. The produce of the different mines, and the births, deaths, and marriages—particularly the latter—were their chief subjects of gossip or sources of excitement; and content with the condition in which they had been placed by Providence, they troubled themselves little with the world beyond their own province.

An unusual degree of excitement, however, pervaded the little town as the Christmas festival of 1795 drew near, for on Christmas day Karl Vilhelmsen, the youthful manager of an extensive range of copper mines, situated about twenty miles distant, was to wed Paulina Lynde, the only child of the mayor of the district, and the prettiest as well as the best-dowered maiden in the province. It was held to be a great match for Karl; for Herr Lynde, the young lady's father, was the chief proprietor of the copper mines where the young man was employed, and was the possessor of what was looked upon in Dalecarlia as very great wealth; and there were half a score of youths, all the sons of wealthy proprietors, any one of whom would have used his utmost endeavors to supplant Karl in Paulina's good graces, had there been the slightest chance of his success.

Karl Vilhelmsen was in all probability of lowly birth, and had not a rix-dollar in the world that he had not earned by his own honest exertions; but he had faithfully served Herr Lynde from his boyhood upwards until now when he was about twenty-four years old, and as the worthy mayor thought highly of him, and as Paulina (who was now in the eighteenth year of her age, and had been Karl's companion and playmate almost from her earliest infancy), loved him with the whole strength of her heart, and as, according to the good old Dalecarlian custom, Karl and Paulina had been betrothed to each other for two full years, these were thought good and sufficient reasons why their wedding should take place on the approaching Christmas day.

I have observed that Karl was in all probability of lowly birth. The fact is, nobody knew who or what were the young man's parents, nor whether they were living or dead.

One fine Sabbath morning of the year 1774 the good people of Hanstadt were startled out of their customary monotonous prosperity by a report, which spread rapidly from street to street and from house to house, that an infant male child, apparently about three months old, had been found, well wrapped up in flannel and sound asleep in a basket, beneath the porch of their pastor's dwelling, which stood a short distance from the town.

This was exciting news to the inhabitants of a quiet town like Hanstadt, in which from year's end to year's end there was little to talk about of greater interest than as to which of the neighboring mines had yielded the largest quantity of ore during the year, or which proprietor had made the best bargain for his copper ore at Stockholm. Some refused to credit the story.

"It cannot be possible," they cried. "Where upon earth can the child have come from?"

And as everybody knew everybody else in the town and surrounding district, and as there was no other town or village within a distance of several miles, it did seem very strange, and hardly probable that the infant could have been brought from a great way off to have been left at the door of the pastor at Hanstadt.

Curiosity was excited to the utmost; and though the churches in Dalecarlia are usually well attended—for the Swedes of the provinces are a moral, church-going people—there was an unusually large attendance at the parish church of Hanstadt on that fair Sabbath morning, and the congregation quitted the church satisfied that the report they had heard and doubted was really true, for the good Pastor Vilhelmsen took occasion to allude to the circumstance in the interval between the prayers and the sermon.

"My good people," said the pastor, "you may have heard that this Sabbath morning an infant child was found beneath my porch. I know not who are its parents, nor what sad influences have induced its mother—if, indeed, its mother be living—to forsake her sucking child; but it hath pleased Providence to render my wife and me childless, and perchance this poor innocent hath been delivered to our care that we may be the humble means whereby it may be rescued from a life of sin and shame, and an eternity of misery and woe unutterable. I therefore declare, in the presence of you my beloved people, that my wife and I have resolved to adopt this poor forsaken infant, and to do our best to bring it up in the love and fear of its Creator, in the hope and trust that it may yet become a worthy and useful member of society."

Pastor Vilhelmsen was both loved and respected by the people of his church, and the majority of his hearers joined heartily and sincerely in the prayer that he offered up in behalf of the poor forsaken babe. But there were a few whose rigidly righteous principlef would have led them to visit the sins of the parents upon their helpless offspring, and who, forgetting the merciful teachings of Christianity, professed to have Scriptural authority for their harsh treatment.

The infant could not be left to perish in the midst of a Christian community; but they would have consigned it to the care of a hired nurse, to be brought up at the least possible cost, and to be set to labor for its own support at the earliest possible age. They professed to believe that the course their pastor proposed would offer encouragement to wrong-doers, and tempt others to the commital of sin, and prophesied that sooner or later the pastor and his wife would suffer for their ill-judged humanity, and would discover, when it was too late, that they had taken a serpent to their bosoms; "For," said they, "it is unreasonable to expect that the child of sin and shame will be untainted with the guilt of its parents, and the day will come when the hearts of the foster-parents will be stung to the core by the ingratitude of their adopted child."

Pastor Vilhelmsen and his wife, however, conscious of their own good intentions towards the child, took little heed of these ill-natured remarks, and were rather glad than sorry when the efforts which the authorities thought themselves bound to make to discover the unnatural parents proved unsuccessful. They took to their bosoms and cherished with parental love and care the stray waif of humanity which Providence had brought to their door, and lavished upon it that wealth of human love which every good man, and more especially every good and kind-hearted woman, craves to bestow upon young children; and as to the community of the little town of Hanstadt, they soon ceased to interest themselves in the little foundling.

The infant was christened Karl, the Christian name of Madame Vilhelmsen's father, and the pastor bestowed upon it his own surname. A healthy young woman was hired as a nurse, and when the child reached a proper age, the pastor took upon himself the charge of his education.

About six years after the discovery of Karl beneath the pastor's porch, Madam Lynde, the wife of the mayor, died, shortly after she had given birth to a daughter, and the little orphan girl was entrusted by her disconsolate father to the care of Madame Vilhelmsen. Thus the two children, the foundling and the motherless girl, grew up together. When Karl was seven years old his greatest delight was to be permitted to nurse his little sister, as he called Paulina Lynde: and when Paulina grew older she learnt to regard Karl as her brother.

Years passed away, and, greatly to the delight and satisfaction of his foster-parents, Karl grew to be not only a healthy and good-looking, but also an obedient and intelligent youth; and when he was fifteen years of age, he was taken into the counting-house of Mayor Lynde, where he conducted himself so well, that before he was twenty years old the mayor entrusted to his charge the entire management of the business of the mines. Long before this, however, the brotherly and sisterly affection of Karl and Paulina had grown into a faithful and ardent affection of a more tender nature, and when some intermeddling, busybody informed Herr Lynde of the fact, the worthy mayor replied that he had seen it long ago, and that he knew no one so well fitted as Karl to succeed to his business when he was called hence, no one to whom he would so cheerfully entrust the happiness of his darling child.

If, as the poet sings, "the course of true love never does run smooth," the love of Karl and Paulina was the exception which proves the rule. The course of their love ran smooth and tranquil as their hearts could desire. Nothing, except perhaps the envy of a few disappointed suitors for Paulina's hand, disturbed its placid current, and for this envy, if it existed, they little cared. Pastor Vilhelmsen and his wife, and Herr Lynde and themselves were alike satisfied. What more could they desire?

So Karl and Paulina were to be married on Christmas day, and for a month previously preparations for the wedding were going forward.

Madame Vilhelmsen and Dame Fronde—the mayor's housekeeper—both had their hands full; for the two women took an innocent pleasure in the endeavor to render the wedding of Karl and Paulina the grandest that had been witnessed in Hanstadt since when, twenty years before, Herr Lynde—then a gay and wealthy young bachelor—had led to the altar Marie Fensvelde, the only daughter of the silver-miner, or district judge, and the *belle* of the Province of Dalecarlia. Paulina was also busy as a bee; for, mayor's daughter though she was, she thought it a matter of course, as well as a source of pleasure, to assist in the making up of her dresses, according to the custom of Dalecarlia, no matter how great the wealth or how high the social position of the bride. And Karl, what was he about the meanwhile? Was he giving himself up to idle day-dreams of the future happiness in store for him? Not altogether; though such day-dreams, it is reasonable to imagine, did occupy much of his time; for Karl had yet some onerous duties to fulfill before Christmas day should come round.

The mines had been unusually productive this year, and Herr Lynde had determined to make certain improvements in the machinery employed, and to erect new and more capacious buildings for the miners, and for storing the copper ore; and now that this work was completed, the machinists, and engineers, and builders were to be paid before Christmas day, in order that the mayor might, in conformity with his long-established practice, begin the new year free from debt.

It had been arranged, therefore, that Karl Vilhelmsen was to set out for Alsen, a town on the sea-coast, in which, the work had been completed—about ten days before Christmas, with the money to pay these debts.

The journey, going and returning—allowing two entire days for the transaction of business—could be easily accomplished in a week, so that Karl would be back three days before Christmas day. But, allowing that he might be detained a day or two longer by some unforseen occurrence, he would at any rate, be home before Christmas eve, when a large party was to assemble at the mayor's house in honor of the approaching wedding—the guests who had come from a distance having been invited to sleep beneath the roof of the hospitable host, that they might be in readiness to witness the ceremony and unite in the festivities of the following day.

Mademoiselle Paulina, however, was not at all pleased with the arrangement. She did not like the idea of Karl's journey at this interesting period; and the evening before his departure, when she was standing with him in the balcony of her father's house, and both were talking hopefully, as youthful and affianced lovers are wont to talk of their future prospects, she said, wistfully—

"I wish, dear Karl, you were not going this long journey at this inclement season. My father might well leave these debts unpaid until after Christmas day."

"Will the weather be fairer, or the frosts less keen, after Christmas, Paulina?" asked Karl, with a smile. "Do not the severest frosts and the deepest snows come with the new year?"

"It may be so," returned Paulina. "Nevertheless, I wish you were not going away now, when, when—"

"When our wedding day is at hand, you would say, Paulina? Believe me, dear girl, I have no wish to leave you now. I would rather remain at home. But you know *our* father—I may speak thus, Paulina; Herr Lynde will soon be my father as well as thine—would be ill at ease were the new year to come and find a heavy debt unpaid, and it is worth some sacrifice to give pleasure to the good old man. Then think, dearest, what a long holiday we shall enjoy together, you and I, until May, when the calls of business will again demand much of my time."

"Still, I would not have you undertake this journey," reiterated Paulina. "What if harm should befall you, Karl? For me, I should die."

"Silly girl!" answered Karl, playfully toying with Paulina's silky, golden curls as he spoke; "what harm is likely to befall me? Don't I know the road well? Have not I often journeyed over it? Do you fear robbers? When did you hear of a robbery being committed in Dalecarlia? You never feared evil before, Paulina. No, no, my little bride, fear nothing; all will go well, and I shall be home again, please God, three days before Christmas day."

Still Paulina persisted in saying that she wished the journey could be deferred, and when pressed to give a reason for her groundless fear, could give none other than the girlish reason, that she wished Karl to remain at home "because she did;" and when the lovers parted for the night the last words she uttered were—

"Dear Karl, be home, if possible, on the seventh day from this, or I shall fear some evil hath happened. I know it is foolish in me, but I cannot help it—indeed I cannot. You *will* return on Tuesday week, will not you, Karl?"

"Trust me, I will if I can," returned the young man. "I will not delay a moment longer than I can help. But if I should be unavoidably detained, you must not give way to idle fears, Paulina. At any rate, I will be home to join the party on Christmas eve."

And so the lovers parted.

Karl was to set out on horseback at six o'clock on the following morning—long before the winter sun made his appearance in that northern region—his gold, notes, and papers safely stowed in his saddle-bags. He also carried a pair of horse-pistols, though more for show than use; for, as he had intimated to Paulina, crimes of violence—or, in fact, crime of any description, was almost unknown, at this period, in Dalecarlia. He was to journey on horseback only as far as the mines—about twenty miles from Hanstadt. Arrived at the spot, he was to put up at the post-house, or roadside inn, near by, and visit the mines and take account of the store of copper ore remaining on hand, and pay the men still employed their wages for the last month's labor, and write them their discharges; for work would be suspended from Christmas until spring. He was then to return to sleep at the inn or post-house, and the next morning to leave his horse in charge of the postmaster until his return, and walk through the forest to the village of Torrand—two miles distant, where he was to take passage in the post-cariole for Alsen.

Early as was the hour, Paulina had risen, and was watching at the window of her bed-chamber when Karl rode past; and that he had anticipated this was evident from the fact that he made a *detour* of several streets purposely that he might pass the mayor's house. Karl raised his cap and waved it, and Paulina flung open the window in spite of the severe cold, and, after a superstitious custom common in Sweden as elsewhere, threw after him an old slipper, with an expressed wish that he might have a pleasant and successful journey. But a sudden gust of wind rose at this moment, and the slipper, instead of striking the object at which it was aimed—as was considered necessary to insure the wish of the thrower—was whirled away in the darkness no one knew whither, and poor Paulina sunk down in a chair, and was foolish enough to cry sorely over what she held to be an evil omen.

The clatter of the hoofs of Karl's horse as it trotted over the frozen road was heard for several minutes in the dead silence that reigned, and Paulina, sad at heart as she was, listened attentively, until at length the sound died away, and all was still. Then she threw herself, half dressed, upon her bed, and wept herself to sleep.

* * * * * *

It was a busy time at the house of Herr Lynde. Everybody belonging to the household was busily and pleasantly occupied in making preparations on an extensive scale for the anticipated wedding, and Paulina soon forgot her anxiety in the delightful occupation of selecting and preparing her wedding garments, in which pleasing task she was easily assisted by half a dozen of the fairest maidens of the little town, who were subsequently to assist in the ceremony as bridesmaids. Madame Vilhelmsen, the pastor's wife, who loved Karl as dearly as if he had been really her own son, was buried every day at the house, assisting Dame Fronde, the housekeeper, in the more difficult and delicate culinary preparations, and in attending to such things as were too material for the consideration of Paulina and her youthful companions at such a time as this; and thus, through these united labors, everything was satisfactorily arranged by the afternoon of the day on which Karl was expected to return.

It was thought that he would arrive in the course of the evening, and as soon as the short day began to close in, Paulina retired to her room to array herself in her most becoming garb. Her attendant handmaidens had bedecked the parlor and drawing-room with artificial flowers—the season forbidding the production of real ones—so exquisitely fashioned and colored that, but for the absence of perfume, it was difficult to distinguish them from green-house exotics, had these simple-minded girls known that such things had any existence.

Madame Vilhelmsen, assisted by the housekeeper, had prepared a supper that might have tempted an anchorite, and everything that loving hearts and willing hands could devise and execute had been done to prove to the absent one how eagerly they had looked for, and how gladly they welcomed his return.

But hour after hour passed away, and Karl did not come. The innocent amusements that had been planned for the evening were set aside, for all were too anxious, and as the hours passed away, had become too sad, to care for amusement. The mayor was kept waiting a full hour for his supper, greatly to his annoyance, for to be kept waiting for his meals was almost the only thing that could disturb the good man's equanimity of temper. And still Karl did not come. Paulina grew restless, and then pretended to grow angry to conceal her fears, and then pouted and wept, and dried her tears, and feigned to grow angry again, until at last she wept outright, and refused to be comforted; when Madame Vilhelmsen reminded her that Karl had forwarned them that he might possibly be delayed, and that she was sure it was no fault of his that kept him absent. He might yet, said Madame Vilhelmsen, arrive before bed-time; and if not, he would surely come on the morrow. She was sure that no harm could have befallen him. What harm, she asked, could have befallen him? He had been detained by business at Alsen, that was all, depend upon it; and he, no doubt, was more vexed than they. He had reason to be, poor fellow, out perhaps on the lone, cold road in such bitter weather. So they talked, and gradually reasoned themselves into forgetfulness of their fears; and the daintily cooked viands, now cold and half spoiled, were served up, for Herr Lynde declared that he would wait no longer for his supper for anybody. No, not for his most gracious Majesty, King Christian himself.

"A pack of silly girls and women," he said; "the boy hasn't got through his work, that's all. Trust him, he'll be home as soon as he can, or young men are very different from what they were forty years ago." And the old man cast an approving and loving glance at his child as he spoke.

So the half-cold supper was eaten, and the little party consoled themselves as best they could, in the absence of him for whose honor the feast had been prepared; and, after awhile, even Paulina became satisfied that Karl's absence was unavoidable, and that he would surely return on the morrow. She recovered her spirits, and thought how she would pout and scold, and pretend to be angry, and cold, and distant when he came; and how, after he had pleaded for pardon, she would forgive him, and love him more dearly than ever.

But the morrow came and passed away, and the next, which was the day before Christmas, and still Karl had not arrived, nor had anything been heard of or from him. This was the strangest thing, for though the postal arrangements in Dalecarlia were not the best in the world, and in winter-time travellers frequently arrived before the letters sent to announce their coming, still there had been ample time and opportunity for Karl, if he had found delay necessary on such an occasion as this, to have acquainted Paulina and his friends therewith, and thus to have allayed the anxiety which he must have known they would otherwise feel.

The matter was becoming serious. Even the mayor, who had professed to believe until now that there was no cause for alarm, was unable longer to conceal his doubts and fears. Christmas eve had come, and the guests who had been invited from a distance to attend the wedding on the following day were arriving fast, and the house was getting full. It would not do, thought Madame Vilhelmsen—upon whom at Herr Lynde's request developed the superintendence of the preparations—to stay the arrangements for the evening and the morrow. Karl might have been expecting to be able to leave Alsen day after day, and therefore had thought it unnecessary to write, and he might—nay, it was yet probable that he would—arrive in the course of the evening. They must proceed as if he was sure to come—they could not help themselves.

There was no electric telegraph, there were no railroads, in the days of which I write. People were not in such a hurry in those good old times (somewhat slow times they must have been) as they are now-a-days; and in the distant province of Dalecarlia, there was no means of communication between post-town and post-town, save through the regular post-cariole, which, at all times slow and irregular in its motions, was especially so in winter, when the snow frequently rendered the roads impassable for days together. But there had been no very heavy falls of snow as yet, so *that* could not have caused Karl's delay. That it must be something very serious that could have detained him, everybody was satisfied; but everybody had a different supposition to allege, and everybody thought everybody else was wide of the mark.

As the evening drew on poor Paulina fell into a pitiable state of mind. Vainly her father and her friends strove to impart comfort to her. She saw clearly enough that, in spite of their efforts to conceal their doubts and fears, they had little faith themselves in the consolations they proffered to her. And she remembered with a shudder how strangely she had dreaded Karl's journey, and how low-spirited she had been on the eve of his departure; and then how she had thrown the slipper after him while she bade him "Good-speed," and how the charm had failed.

Karl was ill, or the cariole had met with some mishap, and some serious accident had happened. These were the surmises which the greater portion of the party accepted in their own minds, though they refrained from expressing aloud their anxieties and doubts; for all yet held on to the hope that the delay had been unavoidable and unanticipated, and that the young man would appear among them before the evening closed, or if he even failed to do this, that he would arrive early on the morrow.

Long after midnight, when all the rest of the household had retired to rest—the invited guests grieved and dispirited, for they had been bidden to a feast, and had come to find a house of mourning—Madame Vilhelmsen, and Paulina and her bridesmaids sat up, listening to every sound that broke the solemn stillness of the night. The mournful "sough" of the wind among the leafless branches; the snapping of a twig, or the creaking of a board or plank in the keen frost; the sharp cracking of the ice on the surface of the ponds and pools; the rattle of a pebble stirred by the wind passing over the hard frozen soil; the distant bark of a dog, were each alternately regarded as indications of Karl's approach. And there were yet other sounds which occasionally filled them with more eager hope, only to make them feel more bitterly the disappointment that followed. More than once, ay, half a dozen times in the course of that weary night, did Paulina start from her seat and spring to the window, with excited looks, and bated breath, and uplifted finger, exclaiming—

"Hush! Hark! Listen, Madame Vilhelmsen. Listen, Carlina. Did not you hear the sound of horses' hoofs? Did not you hear the jingle of sleigh-bells? There—again. Do not you hear? Karl is *surely* coming."

The hollow "thud" of horses' hoofs (the sounds of which reverberate over the frozen earth in winter, before much snow has fallen, so distinctly that it may be heard long before horse or vehicle becomes visible) and the musical jingle of sleigh-bells were really frequently heard during the night. More than once the welcome sounds drew nearer and nearer, until the hearts of all the listeners beat high with excitement and expectation. The sharp crack of the driver's whip could even be distinguished, and the eager listeners flew to the door, and passed out into the open air, bare-headed and bare-armed, insensible in their anxiety to the piercing frost. But the approaching cariole passed by at the turn of the lane which led from the high road to the house, with its belated occupants, on their way to the town to meet other expectant friends, and spend with them the Christmas festival.

The disappointed listeners could distinguish the sounds of male and female voices, and hear the peals of joyous laughter which resounded through the clear frosty air, as the happy Christmas visitors passed on their way rejoicing, until gradually the sounds died away, and all was still again, and the calm pale moon and the bright twinkling stars looked down upon a silent world from which all signs of animal life seemed to have departed, when they returned more silent and sad, more disconsolate than before, to their weary watch.

Madame Vilhelmsen suffered almost as much as Paulina from anxiety and doubt, and that indefinable dread of forthcoming evil which is worse to bear than the reality of sorrow or suffering, for as I have said, she felt like a mother towards Karl; and perhaps even in a greater degree than Paulina she felt assured that it must be something of a very serious nature that could delay Karl's return on the eve of his wedding day; but she was better able to control her feelings, and she exerted herself to the utmost to calm the fears of the poor anxious girl.

Weary with watching, one after the other of the young girls fell asleep, and was persuaded by Madame Vilhelmsen to retire to her chamber; but Christmas morning was well advanced, though it was not yet daylight, ere the kind pastor's wife could persuade Paulina to follow the example of her companions, and try to get a few hours' sleep; and she only succeeded then by reminding the poor child, who was faint with fatigue and anxiety, how little fitted she would be to receive Karl when he arrived, as, she said, he surely would arrive, in time for the wedding.

"He has no doubt been delayed through stress of business he did not anticipate," she said, though her anxious face and quivering lips belied her words. "His silence assures me of this. He will come in time to go to church, and you must meet him fresh and cheerful, my child. It will be a bad omen if you stand with him at the altar pale and weary. Go, love, and try to sleep. Two hours will yet elapse before daybreak, and if Karl comes before then I will wake you."

"Will he then come, Madame Vilhelmsen? Do you think he really will come?" said Paulina.

"I hope—I trust he will," replied Madame.

"But, Madame Vilhelmsen," replied Paulina, "I feared when he left me that some evil would happen. I don't know why, but so I feared; and—and—the morning he set out I threw a slipper after him for good fortune, and the wind carried it away in an opposite direction. Ah, Madame! that surely was a bad omen." Sick at heart as she felt, Madame Vilhelmsen could not forbear smiling at Paulina's superstitious fancy.

"Are you so childish, silly girl, as to attach importance to such superstitious notions as that?" she said. "They are suited to the poor, ignorant peasants at the mines and farms. Girls such as you should know better than to dread evil from the fall of an old slipper."

"Do you think, then, there is nothing in these old superstitions, Madame?" said Paulina. "*I* did not until the slipper flew the wrong way when I threw it; but I had dreaded evil before that, and it made me very sad."

"Nothing in it, Paulina? Certainly not."

"And you really think that Karl will be waiting for me when I wake, Madame?" said the poor girl, smiling through her tears at the thought. "Then I *will* try to sleep awhile, for I am so sad and weary. Ah! I shall scold Karl when he comes for frightening me so; though it is not his fault, poor fellow, I dare say. Do you think it is, Madame Vilhelmsen?"

"No, my love, not his fault; certainly not his fault. He would not have delayed, could he have avoided so doing," replied Madame Vilhelmsen.

"And you will be *sure* to wake me the moment he arrives, Madame?"

"I will, my love; and now try to sleep," said Madame Vilhelmsen, as she accompanied the weary girl to her bed-room.

Paulina flung herself, half-undressed, upon the bed; and before the pastor's wife had quitted the room the poor child was asleep—the tears still clinging to her eyelashes. Madame Vilhelmsen bent down and kissed the pale cheek of the weary girl, and breathed an earnest prayer that her trembling hopes might yet be realized. She then returned to her lonely watch, and slowly hour after hour passed away and still found her wakeful and watching, until at length the cold gray dawn of the Christmas morning streamed through the shutters, and chased away the long lingering hours of darkness.

It was Karl Vilhelmsen's wedding day, and he had not yet returned from Alsen.

## CHAPTER II.

Daylight is a sad laggard throughout the long, cold winters of Sweden. It was near ten o'clock A. M. when Madame Vilhelmsen, sick, pale, and weary with anxiety and watching, threw open the window-shutters, and admitted a dull gray stream of light, which, even at that hour, more resembled the glimmer of twilight than the bright, cheerful light of day; and a few short hours—five at the most—would bring on darkness again. It had been arranged that the wedding should take place at noon, after which the guests were to assemble and dine at the mayor's house, and, if all had gone on well, it would have mattered little to the merry party that darkness set in early, for the warm and cheerful fire and candlelight would have added zest and cosiness to the merriment. But though Madame Vilhelmsen had kept her weary watch alone, the inmates of Mayor Lynde's household—all except the tired girls—had been long astir on this dark Christmas morning, and for hours the church bells in the adjacent town had been chiming merrily, to welcome in the day; while the tramp of horses' hoofs, the jingling of sleigh-bells, the cracking of whips, the hearty shouts of men, and the ringing, musical laughter of women and children, heard at long intervals throughout the night, had intermingled in one continuous, joyous sound as daylight drew near, and the country folk from miles around came trooping over the roads, some singly, some in pairs, some in large and boisterous parties—on foot, on horseback, in every variety of sledge and winter vehicle—all hastening to make merry with their friends in Hanstadt on this cold Christmas day.

Herr Lynde had risen at six o'clock, soon after his poor weary child had lain down to try to forget her troubles for a few hours in sleep. The mayor was now seriously alarmed, and he had lain tossing to and fro on his bed throughout the long night, unable to sleep. Karl's unaccountable delay was a serious matter to him, independently of the terrible anxiety it caused his daughter, and the painful position in which it placed the poor girl. The young man had in his possession, when he left Hanstadt, several thousands of tix-dollars in gold and notes.

"If," muttered the old gentleman to himself, "anything dreadful has befallen the poor youth! if he has been robbed and murdered!" He shuddered at the thought, and tried to assure himself that such a thing could not be. Still the idea would intrude itself upon him; for though such atrocious crimes had hitherto been almost unknown in Dalecarlia, they had been perpetrated, at long intervals. The large sum of money in Karl's possession would be a great temptation to any evil-disposed person, and the good man blamed himself severly for having allowed the youth to go on his journey alone.

If Karl had been robbed and murdered for the sake of the gold he carried with him, Herr Lynde felt that the pecuniary loss to himself would be a serious one, and in many respects, at that particular period, when his expenses had been unusually heavy, the loss would be very inconvenient; but, to do him justice, the idea of the possible loss of so large a sum of money was the lightest of his troubles. He thought a great deal more of his daughter's distress of mind, and of the unfortunate youth whom he had learned to love as his own son.

The worthy mayor was fully aware of the frequency of unforseen delays in the settlement of business matters, and up to Christmas eve he had persuaded himself that some unexpected pressure of business had detained his son-in-law elect, and had thought little of his delay. Even when he went to bed on the Christmas night he had hoped that Karl would arrive during the night; but he had begun to think the matter over, and as he lay in bed wakeful, and listening to every weird night sound, he had gradually become seriously alarmed; for even if Karl had been taken ill, he thought, surely he would have written, or got some one to write that it would be necessary to postpone the wedding.

Herr Lynde had not entered the room in which Madame Vilhelmsen sat keeping her lonely watch. He had dreaded to do so, for he knew how dearly the pastor's wife loved her adopted son, and he wished to avoid seeing her unless he had good news to carry to her; so he had wrapped himself in his fur cloak, and put on his fur leggings and winter cap, and had walked abroad, while it was yet dark, along the road that led to the village of Torrand, inquiring of every one he met coming from the direction of the mines, whether they had seen or heard anything of Karl Vilhelmsen, for the young man was personally known to almost every inhabitant of the district. But when daylight drew near he turned his footsteps homeward, for the hour appointed for the wedding was close at hand, and he felt that it was now necessary for active measures to be taken in the matter.

Soon after ten o'clock Pastor Vilhelmsen paid the mayor a visit. The good pastor came, according to custom, to offer the compliments of the season; but the real object of his visit to consult with Herr Lynde as to the propriety of proceeding with the arrangements at the church, for the wedding at noon. There was still a possibility that Karl might arrive at the last moment. Nay, more; the pastor thought that in the absence of any communication whatever from the young man this was yet probable. Should he arrive and find them unprepared, it would be very awkward for all parties concerned.

Then, again, if everything should be made

ready for the ceremony, if Paulina should attire herself in her bridal garments, and proceed to the church with her father, and her bridesmaids, and Madame Vilhelmsen, and the pastor should take his place at the altar, and a crowd of spectators should assemble to witness the wedding, so much talked of and so anxiously looked forward to, and Karl should *not* come, it would be more awkward still. How would Paulina bear such a terrible disappointment? After all the terrible anxiety she had undergone, too! It would surely kill the poor child! Paulina was still sleeping—uneasily enough, poor thing; for Madame Vilhelmsen, who had several times gone to the bedroom to look at her, said she had been talking in her sleep, and tossing about restlessly. Should they waken Paulina or let her sleep on? They knew not what to do for the best. The mayor and the pastor, and Madame Vilhelmsen, who had been taken into the council, found themselves in an awkward quandary.

While they were still in earnest conversation a sleigh containing but one occupant was seen approaching, at full speed, up the long lane which led from the high road to the mayor's house.

"*Karl at last!*" was the joyous exclamation of the trio; but as the sleigh drew nearer they perceived that it was occupied by a stranger.

A joint feeling of blank disappointment and apprehension seized upon the party. But as the sleigh stopped at the gate, and the driver, a short, florid-complexioned, jovial-looking man, snugly wrapped in furs from head to foot, alighted from the vehicle, and slipping the reins over the gate-post to secure his horse, tramped sturdily up the frozen pathway that led to the front door of the house, Herr Lynde, who had been anxiously watching him, exclaimed—

"*Gooten Hemmel!* it is my good friend Herr Jansen, the machinist of Alsen. *Now* we shall surely hear news of Karl."

The visitor was met at the door by the mayor.

"Welcome, Herr Jansen, to Hanstadt, and to my poor dwelling, and a happy Christmas to you and yours, my good old friend," said the mayor, as he shook hands with his visitor and ushered him into the snug parlor.

"Our good pastor, Herr Vilhelmsen, and Madame Vilhelmsen," he continued, as he introduced the pastor and his wife to his friend.

The customary compliments of the season were interchanged, and then Herr Jansen said—

"But where is my little *fraulein*, Paulina? How is it that she comes not to see her old friend?"

"Paulina is sleeping, poor child," replied the mayor. "We are in great trouble, friend Jansen. Perhaps thou hast heard of it; or at least thou canst relieve us from a portion of our anxiety. The good youth Karl Vilhelmsen, whom we have been expecting home from Alsen these three days past, has not yet returned, and this is his wedding day. He must have called upon you, in Alsen, friend Jansen? You can tell us what it is that delays his return?"

It had been apparent from his first entrance into the parlor that Herr Jansen's visit had some connection with the matter which created so much anxiety and dread in the mayor's household, for his good-humored countenance wore a troubled expression; but he had not known how to broach the subject: he now replied—

"I have but just arrived to spend the Christmas with my sister, and her husband, friend Lynde. But I have heard from them of the strange delay of Karl Vilhelmsen, and before I have well given greeting to my kinsfolk I have come hither to tell you that I have not seen Karl, neither do I think that he can have visited Alsen, for none of my friends have seen the good youth, and Alsen is not so large a town that strangers can come unrecognized among our people."

"You have not seen Karl? he has not visited Alsen, say you?" gasped forth the mayor; while an expression of blank dismay overspread the countenances of the pastor and Madame Vilhelmsen.

"I have not indeed seen the good youth," reiterated Herr Jansen; "and I have looked for him daily since I received your letter, friend Lynde, which informed me of his proposed visit. Not that there exists any necessity for such prompt settlement between you and me, my good friend, but knowing your ways of old, I confess that I marvelled when Karl came not. It is strange: yet I trust for the sake of the good youth, as well as for your sake and the happiness of my little friend Paulina, that no harm has befallen him."

All further considerations respecting the arrangements for the wedding were now postponed. Notwithstanding Herr Jansen's good wishes, it was now reduced to a certainty that some untoward accident had befallen Karl, yet no one could conceive the nature of the mishap.

That he had been robbed and perhaps murdered for the sake of the money he carried with him would have been the most natural conclusion in most countries; but, as I have heretofore repeated, crimes of robbery or violence were rare indeed in Dalecarlia, where everybody was known to everybody else for miles around his residence, and where pauperism and vagrancy were unknown. At the season of the year, and on the road over which Karl was to travel as far as the village of Torrand, he was not likely to meet with or overtake one solitary traveller, except perhaps while passing through the forest which lay between the village and the post-house, where he was to leave his horse until his return on the same route. In the forest he might have fallen in with some woodcutters, whose work is chiefly carried on during the winter; but these woodcutters were proverbially a simple, honest, hardy race of men, who earned a sufficiency for the support of themselves and their wives and children, and whom no one could suspect of crime—upon whom, indeed, the possession of money beyond the amount of their hard earnings would bring suspicion, and lead to their detection by their own neighbors. That Karl had absconded with the money in his possession, no one who knew him suspected for a moment. Even if he could possibly have been guilty of such a crime, he had comparatively little to gain by it, and everything to lose. What to him would be the unlawful possession of a few thousands of dollars, compared with the prospect of the ultimate possession of all the mayor's wealth, and the succession to his extensive and lucrative business, and the ownership of the principal share in one of the richest copper mines in the province of Dalecarlia, to say nothing of the possession of the hand and heart of Paulina, whom he dearly loved? The very supposition that he might have absconded with the money seemed absurd. And yet the more they considered the matter, the more mysterious and inexplicable—in the eyes of his friends—was his strange disappearance.

It was barely possible that he might have met with an accident on his journey to the mines. He perhaps had been thrown from his horse, or had been seized with illness at the post-house where he was to leave his horse until his return; but if such had been the case it was strange that he had not communicated with his friends through the keeper of the post-house, who also held a situation in the mines, and who frequently visited Hanstadt, and had been twice seen in town during Karl's absence.

However, a messenger was immediately despatched to the post-house to make inquiry of the keeper of the inn, after the young man; and to learn whether he had stopped there and left his horse, as had been his intention when he set out on his journey.

Then they considered whether it was advisable that Paulina should be made acquainted with the fact that Karl was believed not to have reached Alsen; or whether, before she was told all, it would not be desirable to await the return of the messenger.

The latter course was decided upon; and Paulina was informed, when she woke, that intelligence had been received from Alsen respecting Karl, and that he would be unable to return in time for the wedding, which must be necessarily postponed; but that it was hoped that they would hear from Karl himself on the morrow, or very probably would welcome his return.

Paulina wept, and doubted, and feared, and hoped for the best, and was alternately angry with and anxious for the safety of her lover. The wedding was of course postponed, greatly to the wonder and consternation of the gossips of the town, and Herr Lynde, and the pastor and his wife, anxiously awaited the return of the messenger from the post-house.

The man returned early on the following morning, bringing with him Hans Lebwick, the keeper of the post-house, a young man a year or two older than Karl.

Hans was brought into the presence of the mayor and Pastor Vilhelmsen, and interrogated relative to Karl's visit to the mines and post-house on his way to Torrand.

"You say," said the mayor, "that Karl Vilhelmsen visited your house on his way to take the post-cariole at Torrand?"

"Yes, Herr Mayor," replied Hans, "Karl Vilhelmsen arrived on horseback before noon on the day you speak of. He dined at the inn, and said he should leave his horse in my charge, and bade me take good care of the animal until his return in the course of a few days; after dinner he requested me to accompany him to the mines. He walked over them and inspected the store of copper ore, and the machinery, and paid me and the miners our wages, after which he returned to the post-house with the intention, as he said, of sleeping at the inn, and walking through the forest to Torrand the next morning, to take passage in the post-cariole for Alsen. But in the afternoon a neighbor called in, who said that an extra post-cariole was to start from Torrand for Alsen that evening at ten o'clock, and Herr Karl then said he should walk over to Torrand in the evening and take a passage in the extra cariole, so that he might sooner get through his business and return to Hanstadt."

"Did he set forth on his journey that same evening?" inquired the mayor.

"So my wife tells me," replied Hans. "He quitted the post-house soon after dark; but first returned to the mines to give some orders that he had forgotten on his former visit."

"How is it that you say your wife told you this? Do you not know yourself if Herr Karl went to Torrand that evening?"

"I was not at home when he quitted the post-house, Herr Mayor. I left home directly I returned with Herr Karl from the mines, to go to my little farm for a day or two, as is my custom in the winter when there is little business at the post-house, and when the work is suspended at the mines. But before I went away I tried to persuade Herr Karl to remain over night. I told him he might miss the extra cariole, or the places might be all taken, and that he would at any rate lose his night's rest, and probably but very little hasten his business. When I returned home two days afterwards, my wife told me that Herr Karl set out soon after dark."

"Did he go to the mines again before starting for Torrand?"

"So I have been told by the miners, Herr Mayor. But my wife says he did not again return to the post-house."

"Did you hear, whether Karl took passage in the night cariole for Alsen?"

"I did not, Herr Mayor; I thought no more about it until I began to wonder why Herr Karl did not return for his horse at the time he said he would. I have heard that he was seen by a woodcutter on his way to the forest; but for himself, I know only what I have told you."

This was the whole of Hans Lebwick's information, which threw no light whatever upon Karl's movements after he had quitted the post-house. But it was now evident that whatsoever the nature of the accident that had befallen the young man, it had occurred after he had performed his journey on horseback.

It now became necessary to acquaint Paulina with the actual facts relative to Karl's disappearance so far as they were known, and the distress of the unhappy girl may be more easily imagined than described.

Nor was the grief and perplexity of Herr Lynde, and Pastor Vilhelmsen and his wife much less painful. The mayor and the pastor and others of Karl's friends, however, immediately bestirred themselves to make further inquiries after the missing youth.

One great dread agitated the mind of the mayor, which he confided to the pastor alone. It was lest Karl, on visiting the mine a second time in the darkness had missed his way, and come unexpectedly into a portion of the mine which had not been worked for several years, and which was unsafe and full of subterranean passages charged with foul air, amid which if any one became entangled, he would be in danger of being stifled before he could find his way out, or before assistance could be rendered him. This portion of the mine contained also several deep shafts, into which if any one should chance to fall his death was inevitable, and the recovery of his body impossible. This dangerous spot was, however, well known to Karl, as well as to the miners and other *employes*. It was only by losing his way in the darkness that Karl could have stumbled upon it; and if, as was said, he had been seen on his way to the village after having left the post-house, all fears on this score would be at once removed. To ascertain this fact, the mayor and Pastor Vilhelmsen set out immediately for the mines, at which a very cursory inspection of the dangerous neighborhood satisfied them that it had not been visited by any human being. There had been a slight fall of snow a few day's before Karl's departure, and since then the weather, though a severe frost had prevailed, had been fair and clear. To reach the dangerous spot, it was necessary to cross a wide, open space of three or four acres in area, and this open space was covered with pure white snow to the depth of four inches, upon which not a single footstep or other track was visible; and on their way to the neighboring village, they found corroboratory proof that Karl had at least entered the forest through which he had to pass to reach the village in safety.

While passing along the lonely road the two gentlemen stopped at the hut of a woodcutter, situated about midway between the post-house and the forest, to shelter themselves from a sudden hail-storm. The woodcutter's wife, who told them that her husband was at work in the forest, invited them to sit down, and offered them a draught of new milk, and in the course of conversation spoke of the loneliness of her abode.

"Few strangers," she said, "stop at the post-house during the winter, and the folks who live hereabouts take a shorter cut across the fields on their way to Torrand, which brings them into the forest half a mile nearer the village. For weeks together my husband and I, and our children, see nobody but ourselves. Besides yourselves, gentlemen, but one traveller has passed over the road since we came to the hut in November, and he called at the hut to beg a light for his pipe, and to inquire the distance to the forest."

"What was this traveller like, and when did he call?" inquired the mayor.

"He was," said the woman, "a tall, well-spoken young gentleman, with a fair handsome face and curly yellow hair. Let me think. It was after dark, about a fortnight ago, when he called. He did not stop long, for he said he was in a hurry to get to the village to take passage in the cariole for Alsen, and he carried with him a leather bag, which might have been full of gold, it was so heavy. He sat down awhile to wait for my husband to show him the nearest way through the forest, and my little Karl tried to lift the bag and couldn't, and the young gentleman laughed and gave the little lad a silver half-dollar, because, he said, the child was his namesake. When my good man came in, he went with the gentleman as far as the forest, to show him the nearest path to Torrand, and he made my husband take money for his trouble, though my Rolf would have refused payment for so small a service. The young gentleman left one of his gloves behind him, which I shall keep safely in case he calls for it, for he said he should be back this way in a few days. I warrant me he soon missed the glove, poor young gentleman, when the cold pinched him, but I suppose he was in too great a hurry to return for it."

"Will you show me the glove?" said Herr Lynde, when the garrulous matron—who, no doubt, was glad of an opportunity to unloose her tongue—would permit him to put in a word.

"With pleasure," she replied; and she took from a large wooden chest, which appeared to contain the wardrobe of the family, a paper parcel, which contained a right-hand glove of rich marten fur, which the mayor recognized as one of a pair with which Paulina had presented Karl a few weeks before.

"I know the owner of this glove," said the mayor. "You must keep it carefully, my good woman. I will not ask you to give it up to me, because I am a stranger to you; but the young man to whom it belongs is missing. He should have returned nearly a week ago, and nothing can be heard of him. But if you should be called upon hereafter, I shall expect you to produce it. I am the Mayor of Hanstadt, and this gentleman with me is the pastor of the parish."

"Surely, surely, great gentlemen," replied the woman, with a low obeisance, for she appeared awe-stricken at the idea of her poor hut giving shelter to two such grand personages, "I shall be ready at any moment to give it up, and I will take care of it for the sake of the young gentleman who was so kind to my Rolf and my little Karl. I hope no harm has befallen him. You can take the glove now, if it please you, great gentlemen."

The mayor, however, declined taking the glove from the poor woman's keeping, and slipping a dollar into her hand, he and the pastor quitted the hut and proceeded on their way to Torrand.

Thus far they were satisfied Karl had journeyed in safety. Beyond this spot, however, all traces of the missing young man were lost. He had not taken passage in the post-cariole, as they ascertained by reference to the way-book at the post-house at Torrand, though the cariole left the village at ten o'clock, p.m.—at least two hours after Karl had quitted the woodcutter's hut, little more than a mile distant—with two seats vacant. Neither had he taken passage in the post-cariole that started on the following morning. Nor could they learn that he had been seen by any one in the little fishing village. Inquiries were made in vain at the inn and post-house, and of every one who was likely to have seen him. Only one individual asserted that a passenger, who carried a heavy leather bag with him, and who resembled the description given of Karl in stature and general appearance, had been very anxious to take passage on board a small fishing vessel which had sailed for Ulanburg, on the Finnish coast, about a fortnight before, and that he had at length succeeded in bribing the captain to take him on board. Upon further inquiry, however, no one else had seen this person; and the man who furnished the information was said to be an idle, worthless fellow, unworthy of credence, who would make any statement, and swear to it in the bargain, for the sake of a few "*skillings*" wherewith to purchase drink.

Saddened and disappointed, the mayor and the pastor returned to Hanstadt. Every means that were subsequently taken to obtain information respecting Karl—living or dead—equally failed; and though, day after day, his friends hoped that, before the succeeding day came to its ending, some tidings would be heard of the missing youth, these hopes were not realized, and, as time sped away, hope died away also.

As a matter of course, Karl's mysterious disappearance furnished food for the gossips and slanderers of the town and surrounding district. It furnished matter also for sensation paragraphs in all the newspapers throughout the country, and all sorts of surmises, probable and improbable, were made as to the young man's fate, or as to the course he had taken. Somehow or other, the assertion made by the idle tavern-lounger at Torrand got abroad, and obtained general credence among those to whom Karl was unknown, and even among a few who but a few weeks before had been loudest in praise of the energy, industry, and honesty which had raised the young man, in spite of his equivocal origin, to so good a position, and had bestowed upon him such bright future prospects. These were the people who would have consigned him when an infant to the poor-house at Hanstadt, who, as the world began to smile upon him, were the first to recant their former evil prophecies, and who had now turned round and called their neighbors to witness that they had foreseen this ending to all the young man's hypocritical pretensions to virtue and goodness years ago, while he was still a child. As for the new-papers of the distant towns, they made Karl's history the subject of a moral lesson to their youthful readers, and of a warning to those who were so weak as to imagine that good can come out of evil, or that the child of such parents as those of this young man must have been could by any possibility live to become a useful and honest member of society. Certain political economists, regretting the too rapid increase of population, suggested that a step might be taken in the right direction if a law were passed to smother all foundlings and destitute orphan children in their infancy, by which course population would be lessened, and the morality of future generations greatly increased. And the editor of the Alsen *Morgon Blad* (the leading journal of the province) went so far as to assert (entirely on the editor's responsibility) that the *Fraulein* Lynde—the fair daughter of the Mayor of Hanstadt—who had been engaged to be married to this personification of baseness and ingratitude, Karl Vilhelmsen, and who had been actually betrothed to him, was so perfectly convinced of his infamy, and so rejoiced at her narrow escape, that she had actually cast his memory from her, and had accepted the offer of a worthy but formerly discarded suitor, to whom she was shortly to be married.

Happily for Paulina's peace of mind, she knew nothing of this latter audacious and mendacious assertion. The poor girl was overwhelmed with grief, and shunned the society of all her former companions. She spent the greater portion of her time at the house of the pastor, who, together with his wife, firmly believed with her in Karl's perfect integrity and truthfulness; and who feared that the gold he had carried with him on that fatal journey had proved too tempting a bait to some wretch who was aware of the object of his journey, and who had waylaid and robbed and probably murdered him in the forest, and then disposed of the corpse in some mysterious way, in order to conceal the crime. To them, even the story to which so many gave credence, only gave color to this terrible suspicion; for if any stranger had really taken passage in such a hurry, on board a small fishing vessel bound to the Finnish coast, who so likely to have done so as the perpetrator of so frightful a crime?

But Paulina, and Pastor and Madame Vilhelmsen, were at length left almost alone in their firm belief in Karl's innocence. Even the worthy mayor, though for a long time he held out, became at last almost convinced that the information he had received at Torrand was correct, and that Karl had really absconded with the large amount of money in his possession. He was fain to acknowledge that the young man would gain little compared with what he would lose, even as regarded worldly wealth, by this dishonest and ungrateful action; but he believed that Karl had been actuated by some sudden feeling of covetousness that he could not control, though he might have regretted it as soon as reason resumed her sway, and probably was now suffering remorse for his crime; for he could not conceive how robbery and murder could have been committed without leaving even a shadow of a trace behind. There were no signs of a struggle having taken place in the forest, no suspicious persons had been seen in the neighborhood by any one, and no person had been seen with money that he could not account for in his possession since Karl's disappearance. So Herr Lynde at length was fain to believe with the majority of his friends, that the youth he had trusted and loved as his son had basely robbed him and cruelly deserted his child.

Many pitied the mayor, and others said that he had been rightly served for having placed such confidence in a youth of whose origin he was perfectly ignorant, and who, as might have been known, would naturally inherit the vices of his unknown parents.

Herr Lynde was, indeed, to be pitied. True, he was a rich man; but there are few men so rich that they can afford to lose thousands of dollars in one fell swoop; and the unfortunate mayor had not only lost his money, but he had been deceived by one whom he had implicitly trusted, and to whom he had been a generous benefactor, and in his own estimation he had brought life-long grief and trouble upon his innocent and loving child through his own culpable weakness and folly.

The old year had ended sadly and unfortunately for Herr Lynde, and shortly after the commencement of the new year a fresh, though a much less serious misfortune, befell him.

Hans Lebwick, a few weeks after his last visit to Hanstadt, set out, as was his weekly habit during the winter, to spend a day or two at his farm, and never returned.

I have heretofore mentioned that Hans Lebwick held a situation in the mines, in the service of Herr Lynde. He was an under book-keeper and a collector of small accounts from creditors in the immediate neighborhood, and something of a favorite with Herr Lynde, who, on Hans's marriage with an old servant of the mayor's household, had obtained for him the situation of keeper of the post-house. Every endeavor was made to discover what had become of Hans, but in vain. He had gone forth as usual with the intention of returning the next day, and had never been seen from the moment he bade good-bye to his wife and kissed his little ones. His disappearance was quite as mysterious as was that of Karl Vilhelmsen. He had never reached his farm, nor were any traces of him discoverable after he had passed over his own threshold, and the more superstitious of the inhabitants of the surrounding district began to fear that some foul agencies were at work in the neighborhood of the post-house, and that both Karl and Hans had been spirited away by the same evil influences, though why any one—spirit or mortal—should have wrought upon a poor, simple-minded lad such as Hans, they could not comprehend.

When, however, the business at the mines recommenced with the spring, it was discovered that Hans was a defaulter to some slight extent. He had not duly accounted for certain trifling payments that had been made to him during the previous autumn months, and therefore there was some show of reason for Hans's disappearance, though the defalcations were, after all so trifling, and to all appearance might have been so easily rectified by a man in the receipt, from one source and another, of a good income for one in his position in life, that, in the minds of many, they did not satisfactorily account for his disappearance of his own free will.

At any rate, his poor young wife and her two young children were left destitute, and the former was assisted by the kind-hearted mayor, and other persons who had known her as a pretty, young, innocent girl, with money to carry her to her friends, who resided some fifty miles distant, and to support her until she could look about her and obtain some suitable employment.

Years passed away, and gradually the mysterious disappearance, both of Karl and Hans, was forgotten by all save those who had been most interested in them, or was only remembered when, seated around the ample hearth in winter, the old folks gossiped over events long gone by.

Mademoiselle Paulina, young, beautiful, and sole heiress of her father's wealth, had, during the first few years after Karl's disappearance, been eagerly sought after in marriage by several of the most eligible young men of the district. Each in his turn had proposed, and had quietly received his dismissal, until at length suitors grew weary, and it was believed that Mademoiselle Paulina had buried her affections in the tomb of her faithless or murdered lover, and never intended to marry. She had never said this; she did not seclude herself from the society of young people of her own age and condition of either sex; but though she grieved bitterly in secret over the unknown fate of Karl Vilhelmsen, she was, to all outward appearance, cheerful and happy, and content to become the solace of her father's declining years.

She never openly spoke of Karl, nor was his name ever mentioned by her father's visitors in her hearing. But she cherished his memory in secret, and retained an all-engrossing affection for him in her inmost heart. Only when she and Madame Vilhelmsen were alone together was his name whispered between them, and his merits and his virtues spoken of with a fervor and affection that proved how sincerely both these women had loved him—each in her own way—nay, *did* love him still—for they secretly confessed to each other that they did not believe that he was dead. They had in the first bitter pangs of grief believed that he had been robbed and murdered for the sake of the gold he had in his charge. But afterthoughts had brought about a change in their belief. They could not believe it possible, poor simple-minded women! that so foul a murder, if murder had been committed, could for so many years have remained hidden from the scrutiny of avenging justice. They thought that remorse, on the part of the murderer, *must* have led *him* to confess his guilt, and to surrender himself to justice. No, they believed that Karl was still living; and yet strongly as—if he were living—appearances were against him, they could not and would not believe him guilty of either deceit or fraud. They did not adopt any theory to account for his disappearance. They used no arguments to prove that he might be alive, and still be innocent of crime or deceit. Dead he *might* be; that they acknowledged. But, living or dead, guilty of fault or crime Karl could not be. That was the sum total of their belief, and that belief they kept secret and sacred to themselves. It was the blind faith and devotion of two fond, loving women, who, however absurd or preposterous their reasoning, however common sense and the world's opinion were against them, could not bring themselves to believe in the perfidy or crime of him they loved—the one as her betrothed husband, the other as her son. If they had been pressed for a reason for their strange persistence in the belief of Karl's innocence they could not have given any, or could only have said that they *felt* within themselves that they knew him better than any one on earth knew him—better than he knew or had known himself.

There was the fond, womanly faith and trust which is alike unreasoning and unreasonable; which is self-abnegating and self-sacrificing beyond all things earthly; which has existed since woman first loved, and which will continue to exist so long as woman's love, as mother, wife, or sister, shall exist upon earth, no matter how often nor how cruelly that fond faith has been deceived and betrayed; which of all things under heaven is the purest and holiest, and without which this world would be a desert of greed and selfishness.

Thus these two women—the one growing old, the other still in her prime—lived in hopes that the day would come when the faith, truth, and integrity of Karl would be made manifest to the shame and disgrace of his cowardly detractors.

One day, a few months after Karl's mysterious disappearance, Madame Vilhelmsen and Paulina drove out together in the pastor's sleigh. Paulina drove the sleigh herself, for they declined the services of old Olaff Svenson, the pastor's faithful servant, greatly to the surprise and annoyance of the old man. They were absent several hours, and when they returned, and were questioned as to where they had been, they preserved a mysterious silence. But that same evening, Paulina, when she retired to her own chamber, took from a secret drawer a neatly-folded paper parcel, from which she drew forth a new glove of the finest marten fur, the which, before she returned it to its receptacle, she several times pressed it to her lips; and after that evening rarely did a night pass away without a visit on her part to the drawer which contained this hidden treasure.

But year after year rolled away, and no light was ever thrown upon Karl's fate. The strange circumstances of his disappearance faded away from the memory of the people of Hanstadt, or were only spoken of as one speaks of things of a past generation. By all, save Paulina and the good pastor, and his gentle, loving wife, Karl Vilhelmsen and his uncertain fate were well-nigh forgotten.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

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*Four skillings are about 1½d. sterling.

☞ The census-takers in different parts of the country are collecting some very curious information. They find that the highest age attained by unmarried women is twenty-six years. It is well to have the point at which they cease growing older definitely fixed.

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### SAXON EDITH.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

In Christian world, the garland Mary wears;
Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear;
And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears.
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines!
What air of fragrance Rosamond throws around!
How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound!
Of Marthas and Abigails, few lines
Have dragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely Joan be fashioned. But can
You Barbara resist or Marian?
And is not Clare for love excuse enough?
Yet, by my faith in numbers I profess
These all than Saxon Edith please me less.

COUNSEL FOR THE BOYS.—1. Never go into the water less than two hours after eating—it is best to make it three.

2. Never go into the water when feeling much exhausted. It will do no harm to go in when you are somewhat warm and perspiring, if you are not tired.

3. Never go into the water when you feel cold and chilly.

4. Never stay in long enough to make you feel chilly.

5. Swim and exercise vigorously while in the water.

6. Wipe dry before dressing. If the sun shines, expose the body to its rays a short time before dressing.

7. As a rule, do not go in more than once a day.

☞ Three gentlemen, a Frenchman, Englishman, and Yankee, were in conversation on the New Jersey Railroad cars. The Frenchman said: "I am always spoken to for his Imperial Majesty, Napoleon I." The Englishman said: "When I go out they speak to me for Prince Albert." But the Yankee said: "The first man I met came to me and said, great God, is that you!"

☞ "Mamma," said a wee child, one Sunday evening, after having sat still in the house all day, like a good child, "have I honored you to-day?" "I don't know," replied the mother; "why do you ask?" "Because," said the little one, shaking her head sadly, "the Bible says 'Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long,' and this has been, oh, the longest day I ever saw."

☞ The trials of the Fenians, General Starr and Colonel Thompson, for violation of the neutrality laws, at Canandaigua, concluded last week, with a verdict of guilty in both cases, with a recommendation to mercy.

☞ A scene in a picture gallery shows "a model model," in a man, who serves as a model for an artist, and in the artist's absence explains the picture to a lady visitor: "From whom did M'Gilp paint that head?" "From yours obediently, Madam. I sit for the 'eds of all 'is 'oly men." "He must find you a very useful person." "Yes, Madam, I order his frames, stretch his canvasses, wash his brushes, set his palette, and fix his colors. All he's got to do is just to *shove 'em on.*"

☞ The story of the Chinese massacre of the Christians in Pekin, was a hoax.

☞ The Mormons of Utah have turned their attention to the production of gloves that rival those of Paris in delicacy and workmanship. The gloves are made from genuine kid, raised in the vicinity of Salt Lake.

☞ John Bunyan was rather gay in his youth, and even in his latter years he was charged with infidelity to his wife. He repelled the charges in a way worthy of note. At that time it was customary for the members of churches when they parted to greet each other with a holy kiss. When John defended himself, he said, "I do confess that I have carried out the command fairly and Scripturally; for I have endeavored to discharge my duty of kissing all, pretty and ugly; while I have noticed that my brothers, who have made this charge, have kissed the pretty sisters, and let the ugly ones pass by."

☞ While England and America are contenancing that sons of theirs respectively discovered the practice of anæsthesia for surgical operations, we find that it was adopted many hundred years ago. We are assured that a Chinese physician, named Hoa-tho, who lived between the 220th and 230th year of our era, gave to his patients a preparation of hemp by which they became insensible. The Greeks and Romans also practised it; the medicine was "atropa mandragora," commonly called mandrake.

☞ They have peculiar ideas in London about hot weather. The Pall Mall Gazette, of June 22, records this item:—"The heat this morning in London was several degrees in excess of any which has been hitherto recorded this summer. At 8 o'clock the thermometer stood at 72 degrees, which is only three degrees lower than the highest temperature registered at the same hour during the intensely hot summer of 1868."

☞ A Berlin correspondent says that "if you were to hear the Prussians talk you would think them all Americans in their progression and valor, and like our own countrymen they believe themselves invincible." Ditto French.

☞ A servant who plumed herself on being employed in a "genteel family," was asked a definition of the term. "Where they have two or three kinds of wine, and the gentlemen swear," was the reply. This is almost as good as the old definition—"they keep a gig."

☞ An histrionic individual, who has heard a good deal about the "theatre of war," suggests that the back seats must be very desirable.

### The Cost of Birds.

The Turf, Field and Farm has the following with reference to the profits made on imported birds:—"Song birds are not highly valued in the custom house. The Poultry Bulletin publishes an incomplete list of the importations made last year: 'Canaries, 27,780, valued, males at 50 cents, females at 5 cents; 2,900 finches, valued at 10 cents each; 1,500 sparrows at 10 cents each; 1,780 wild birds at 10 cents each; 68 common thrushes at 50 cents each; 70 black plume thrushes at $2 each; 17 pheasants at $6 per pair; 149 parrots at $4 each; 5 cockatoos at $3 each; 58 larks at 25 cents each; 2 nightingales at $1 each, 38 fowls, various breeds, at $2 to $8 each; 2 ponies at $10 each; 2 antelopes at $7 each; 1 gazelle at $15.' The dealers evidently make a good profit on canaries, finches and sparrows. Selling a bird at from three to five dollars that is valued in the custom house at from five to fifty cents, is not a bad stroke of business. But few fowls are reported in the above list; but then the list does not pretend to be complete."

### The Dickens Sale.

It seems very strange that the family of an eminent man who, dying, left a large fortune to his heirs, should consent to the dispersion at public sale of the articles especially associated with his memory. Yet this is the case in the family of Charles Dickens. Scarcely is the body of the great novelist cold in the vault in Westminster Abbey, when a sale of his pictures and other works of art is announced to take place at the rooms of a leading London auctioneer. Many of the articles to be sold are presents to the deceased, or portraits of himself, or illustrations of his works, painted by the best artists. For instance, there is the celebrated portrait by Maclise, representing Mr. Dickens as he appeared in the flush of early manhood in the year 1839. In the list of miscellaneous paintings there are works by Webster, Frith, Clarkson, Stanfield, Wilkie, and other artists of celebrity. Among the articles of *certu* are bronzes, porcelains, and other elegant trifles. All these are to be sold on Saturday of this week, and will, undoubtedly, bring high prices; but it is difficult to understand how any sum of money can induce the Dickens family to part with treasures that to them should, one would think, be of inestimable value.

It will be remembered that Mr. Thackeray's books, pictures and other personal effects were sold off after his death in the same hasty manner.

*Note.*—Perhaps the wills of these gentlemen so ordered.—*Ed. Post.*

☞ A down-East paper says that persuasive and humbugging agents are about in that neighborhood selling lightning-rods. One old lady told an agent she had no fear of lightning, but she had always been afraid of thunder.

"Just so," he replied; "we can meet your case exactly. The square rods are lightning rods, and the round ones thunder-rods."

☞ A bright little four-year-old boy in Detroit, being called to go to bed at an earlier hour than suited his inclination, put the following poser to his mother—

"Is the moon the little stars' mamma?"

"Yes, my child," was the answer.

"Well, mamma, then why does she let them stay up all night? Don't you think *she* knows what's right?"

☞ A TRAVELLING INSURANCE AGENT has been explaining to a western pioneer the advantages of an insurance policy. Pathfinder mused a moment in grave silence, and then said: "See here, mister, I have lived out in this country now twenty-five years, and I have bucked agin 'most all the games they've started, but darn me ef I want to play a game where you have to die to beat the bank."

☞ Ohio comes up and puts in its claim for the champion remarkable memory. It claims that a man in Salem, in that State, can tell from memory the weather of any and every day since 1827—that he distinctly remembers whether any day was clear or cloudy, warm or cold, rainy or snowy.

☞ An Ohio youth, sitting in church, mistook the gentle touch of a plume on the jaunty hat of a young lady for a fly on his neck, and with the energy of exasperation sent plume, hat, and chignon flying into a distant pew.

☞ Mr. Bessemer's plan for obviating sea-sickness by means of an oscillating chamber, supported on bearings similar to those of a compass, will shortly be put to a practical test. A chamber of this description is now in course of construction in England, and will be fitted, when completed, to a steamer of about 300 tons.

☞ The Emperor Napoleon wears but one ring, containing a valuable amethyst, which General de Beauharnois, after being imprisoned during the Reign of Terror, sent to his wife Josephine. Queen Hortense wore this ring after Josephine's death, and Louis Napoleon has had it on his hand ever since his mother's death.

☞ An erring Indiana hen was recently found in the back part of a hardware store, where the misguided fowl had struggled for three weeks, trying to hatch out half a dozen white porcelain door-knobs. She was very much reduced.

☞ The following are the official footings from sixty counties of Illinois, including Cook, for and against the constitution, and the eight distinct propositions submitted each to a separate vote of the people:

| | For. | Against. | Maj. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Constitution, | 92,875 | 92,921 | 70,954 |
| Railroads, | 100,960 | 15 220 | 85,640 |
| Counties, | 96,089 | 19,548 | 76 523 |
| Warehouses, | 101,035 | 14,728 | 91 203 |
| County seats, | 89,174 | 26,455 | 62 619 |
| Illinois Central Railroad, | 101,914 | 13,017 | 88,937 |
| Minority representation, | 70,925 | 45,094 | 25,841 |
| Subscription to railroads, | 92,924 | 22,822 | 70,134 |
| Canals, | 93,855 | 17,185 | 76,650 |

☞ When George Stephenson invented the locomotive, it was urged that horses would be worthless and farms a drug; when steam was applied to weaving, the weavers anticipated starvation; when threshing-machines and sewing-machines came in, labor was popularly supposed to have received fatal wounds. In every instance the reverse has been true. And there is such a field for labor here, that were all China poured into our great wastes, labor would be taxed to meet new demands, and aided by fresh contributions from the instant.—*Phila. North American.*

☞ Rustious, in commenting on the present style of female coiffure, says: "It must be a very poor soil that requires so much top-dressing."

☞ Arthur Helps says: "Perhaps the great triumph of all moral writings, including sermons, is that at least they have produced some sweet and innocent sleep." Nodding church-goers will appreciate this truism.

☞ There is not a Protestant place of worship in Cuba.

☞ An Iowa paper tells of a smart wife that helped her husband to raise seventy acres of wheat. The way she helped him was, to stand in the door and shake a broom at him when he sat down to rest!

☞ A new mercantile pursuit for the oppressed female sex has been opened by a lady in California, who procured a divorce, had the children assigned to her by the court, and then transferred them to their father for $575 apiece. The plan is recommended as not only securing an honorable independence for married women, but offering an argument hitherto lacking in favor of large families.

☞ Toys for animals are now advocated by an English naturalist. He had an otter for whom he made a wooden ball, to the extreme delight of his pet. Following up the idea, he presented the national elephants and rhinoceroses at the London Zoological Gardens with globes, but it seems the elephants took to playing ball so furiously that "there was danger of their houses being swept down altogether; so they were forbidden to use them indoors."

☞ The drought in France continues and the reports of its ending are totally false. No rain fell prior to July 4th, full ten weeks, and since then they have seen only a few slight showers, which were not sufficient to revive the drooping crops.

☞ To relieve the terrible effects of running a nail in the foot of man or horse, take peach leaves, bruise them, apply to the wound, confine with bandage, and the cure is quick and certain. Renew the application twice a day, if necessary; but one application usually does the work. I have cured both man and beast in a few hours, when they were apparently on the point of having the lockjaw. This recipe, remembered and practiced, will save many valuable lives.—*Cor. Southern Cultivator.*

☞ Charles G. Leland is in London preparing another series of the Hans Breitmann Ballads. Hans, in the new volume, describes his visit to Paris, and gives his views of the Bal Mabille and the Sorbonne. One of the ballads in this collection is said to be a singular burlesque on Heine's style of lyrics, while others give with droll effect imitations of German and Low Dutch, or Flemish.—*Volksleider.*

☞ An analysis shows that cotton seed is highly concentrated food, and is richer in flesh producing elements than corn, but somewhat inferior to corn as a fat-producer.

☞ The Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel learns that a planter near Midway, in South Carolina, seventy miles from Augusta, has cultivated his entire farm this year, so far as least as ploughing is concerned, with an alligator! The animal is unusually large—weighs three hundred and fifty pounds—and is perfectly docile and domesticated. He is said to work splendidly in plough harness, and is far superior to mules or horses.

☞ King David is the first person spoken of in the Bible as having written a letter. It occurs in the 11th chapter of the 2d Book of Samuel: "And it came to pass in the morning, that David wrote a letter to Joab, and sent it by the hand of Uriah. And he wrote in the letter, saying, Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten, and die." Considering that David has a wide modern reputation, and wrote good poetry, his "going back" on Uriah in this way was not the correct thing. But there is the record. Where's Mrs. Stowe?


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| No. 1.—The round of the head. | No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald. |
| " 2.—From forehead over the head to neck. | " 2.—Over forehead as far as required. |
| " 3.—From ear to ear over the top. | " 3.—Over the crown of the head. |
| " 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead. | |

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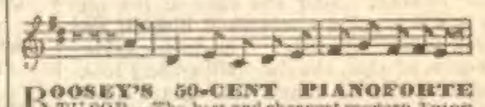

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

### Benjamin Franklin.

Mark Twain, in his Memoir of Ben Franklin, says:

"What an adroit old adventurer the subject of this memoir was! In order to get a chance to fly his kite on Sunday, he used to hang a key on the string and let on to be fishing for lightning.

"He invented a stove that would smoke your head off in four hours by the clock. One can see the almost infernal satisfaction he took in it, by giving it his name.

"He was always proud of telling how he entered Philadelphia, for the first time, with nothing in the world but two shillings in his pocket and four rolls of bread under his arm. But really, when you come to examine it critically, it was nothing. Anybody could have done it.

"Franklin said once, in one of his inspired flights of maligaity—

"'Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise.'

As if it were an object to a boy to be healthy and wealthy and wise on such terms. The sorrow that that maxim has cost me, through my parents' experimenting on me with it, tongue cannot tell. The legitimate result is my present state of general debility, indigence and mental aberration. My parents used to have me up before nine o'clock in the morning, sometimes, when I was a boy. If they had let me take my natural rest, where would I have been now? Keeping store, no doubt, and respected by all."

### Borrowing Chickens.

John Boston, a fifteenth amendment, was arrested in New Orleans the other day for stealing chickens. He was very indignant when arrested, and loudly proclaimed his innocence. When brought before the magistrate he still reiterated the fact that he was wrongly accused.

"And you deny having taken the chickens, John?" asked the Court.

"Hi, boss, sartin. I neber tuk um."

"But the officer says he found them in your possession."

"Sar?"

"You had them in your hands when arrested."

"Ees sah, boss, but I didn't stole um."

"How did you come by them?"

"I borrowed um."

"The owner says not."

"Well, you see, boss, he was asleep when I went to borrow dem chickens, an' I didn't like to 'sturb him; so I jis tuk 'em, an' was gwine back de next day to tell him."

### A Sensible Dog.

The latest remarkable dog story comes from Charlottsville, Va. A few Sundays ago, a clerical doctor was preaching, in the absence of the regular pastor, in the Disciples' church. Near the close of the sermon his dog got up, stretched himself and walked around uneasily. The doctor taking no notice of this, the dog deliberately looked around till he found the doctor's hat, took it in his mouth, carried it up to him, and would not leave till he was relieved of it. He then went down in front of the pulpit and waited impatiently for a few minutes for the doctor to take the hint. Finding he would not, he looked around and got his stick and carried it to him, which hint was quickly taken by the doctor, for fear he might do something worse.

### A Remarkable Picture.

A gentleman of Boston, who is, as the boys say, "barefooted on the top of the head," was recently importuned by some young ladies to present them with his photograph. He complied with the request; but, instead of presenting them with a picture of his handsome features, sent a very striking view of the back of his head. The joke was duly enjoyed, but the projector was much surprised shortly after to see copies of the picture in the windows of a print store, and on inquiring of the attendant, found, to his horror, that the sharp photographer had published it as "A remarkable picture of the moon."

### Anecdote of Sheridan.

Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "hear, hear." Richard Brinsley took an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the time, whom he represented as a person who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, in continuation, and with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?" "Hear, hear!" was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench. The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for "his ready reply to the question," and sat down amid convulsions of laughter from all but their unfortunate subject.

### For Two.

At a club, of which Jerrold was a member, a fierce Jacobite, and a friend as fierce of the cause of William the Third, were arguing noisily, and disturbing less excitable conversationalists. At length the Jacobite, a brawny Scot, brought his fist down heavily upon the table, and roared at his adversary:

"I tell you what it is, sir, I spit upon your King William!"

The friend of the Prince of Orange was not to be out-mastered by mere lungs. He arose and roared back to the Jacobite—

"And I, sir, spit upon your James the Second!"

Jerrold, who had been listening to the uproar in silence, hereupon rang the bell, and shouted—

"Waiter, *spittoons for two!*"

☞ A French Suit.—A couple of months ago, says Jennie June, a New York lady sent to Worth, the Paris dressmaker, for a spring costume of the very latest style. Four weeks later she received it, an ordinary suit of changeable silk, of a style which had already been transferred at Stewart's to the "cheap" counter, because it was found unsalable. Imagine her mortification at paying four times the amount the dress would have cost if she had purchased the material and had it made in the best style here.

☞ To Prevent Sunstroke.—It is recommended to sew a thin piece of sponge in the top of the hat and moisten it with water occasionally in the course of the day.

☞ It is better to be laughed at because you are not married, than to be unable to laugh because you are.

CURIOUS FACT IN PHILOLOGY.

Captain Typlin.—"'S a mo' stro'nary thing, Mis'r Poffins, that all goo' t h ings t'drink are wor'n one syllible—Por', Sherr', Cl a r't, Spirr's!"

### ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

I take it up with quickened breath,
And tears that rise unbidden—
'Tis but a sprig of faded heath,
Among old letters hidden.
But fresh and clear comes back the past,
With one day still lamented;
Oh, Kate, that foolish word of haste,
So bitterly repented!

Shake off the fit. Read you wise books
On woman's fond beguiling.
See how she ruins with her looks,
And saddens with her smiling;
How clownish heart and crowned head
Have rued her promise broken!
Oh, Katie, were this memory dead,
Or else that word unspoken!

See, the world's lovers file their way
Adown the page historic;
Rehearse their stories, grave and gay,
In Attic or in Doric;
Proclaim the lessons of their fate,
And with their cautions warn me.
Ah! if it were not yet too late,
Kate, would you only scorn me?

Hearken the maxims of the wise:
No dangers half so fearful
As lurk beneath a woman's eyes,
In laughing mood or tearful.
And think how useful 'tis to know
That half the world God gave us
Was only made in mocking show,
To ruin and enslave us!

We'll scoff and scorn the while lads sing
Of love among the lilies,
Women is but an idle thing—
Queen Bess to Amaryllis.
We'll plant in every manly breast
All woman's tender graces,
And try to do without the rest—
Kind hearts and loving faces.

Why, what have I to do with love,
Whose spring of love is ended?
Could ever five-and-thirty move
Where twenty-five offended?
Can I renew what once has been,
With hope and purse both scanty?
Speak—Love's own queen at bright sixteen,
*My* queen at six-and-twenty!

## The Potter's Daughter.

This story is going the rounds of the newspapers in Paris, and is said to point to some circumstances which have recently occurred in a Turkish town, if not at Constantinople itself. It is certainly worth telling as a curious picture of the wild life of Turkish, Arabian, or Asia-Minor countries. There was in one of the poorest quarters of Constantinople an old Greek potter. Although he was Giaour, and lived in a purely Moslem neighborhood, he was popular because his honesty was proverbial. He was a widower. He had only one child—a daughter, who was marvellously beautiful. Her name was Helle. She was the housekeeper, maid-of-all-work, and cook of the hovel in which her father and she lived. She went to the Moslem houses to sell to the Turkish women the earthenware her father made. When she entered a harem 'twas a festival to all the inmates; her presence was like a sunbeam entering a dungeon. The women would scream: "Ah! Here comes beautiful Helle, the potter's daughter!" Lovely as she was, nobody was jealous of her, for she did not seem to be at all proud of her beauty. One day, the Sultan's favorite son took it into his head to lounge about town. He was on horseback, and several habitual companions of his pleasures were with him. The van-courtiers ran ahead of them, with silver-headed cane in hand, with which they struck right and left, belaboring the people in order to open a passage for the Sultan's son. Men, women, children, and old people screamed as they took to their heels. Two or three children fell and came nigh being trampled on by the horses. Just at this moment Helle came out of her father's house. She went straight on, bearing on her head a tray which contained the earthenware her father had made. One of the companions of the Sultan's son beat towards him, whispered, and pointed to the lovely creature.

One of the van-courtiers, who was about to strike her, was petrified by admiration; the uplifted stick fell not, but he gave her a sudden push, and the tray and its contents fell from her head, and all the earthenware was broken into shapeless fragments. Just at this instant the horse of the Sultan's son stood in front of her. He reined in the horse, looked at the tears which streamed from her eyes, smiled and rode on. Next day Helle had disappeared from the neighborhood. The poor old potter ran about everywhere, begging some intelligence of his daughter. He was almost beside himself with grief. A woman, who had witnessed the scene just described, told him what she had seen. He understood all its import. He went in front of the palace, and stood there all day long, day after day, waiting the hour when the Sultan's son should again sally forth to lounge through the streets. The hour came. The old potter ran to the horse's side, and asked the rider for his daughter. No one heard the words exchanged. Suddenly the Sultan's son drew his scimitar, and the head of the old potter rolled on the ground. As soon as the Sultan's son had passed on some distance, the people picked up the corpse and carried it to the potter's house. As he had no kindred, they placed it in his shop, and there left it. Everybody went to see it. There was great excitement in the neighborhood, and such throngs of people stood in front of the house as to block up the street. The Sultan himself saw from a distance these great throngs, and asked their origin. He was told by the Grand Vizier. He at once issued orders that trumpeters should go through each quarter of the city and make proclamation that he himself should see justice done, and the assassin of the poor potter punished. The following day he rode down towards the potter's house. His son was behind him. An unusual number of janissaries surrounded them. There was a larger crowd than had yet assembled in front of the potter's house. The Sultan ordered the corpse to be brought out of the house and placed in the centre of the neighboring square. He bade his son dismount, stand at the corpse's feet, and gaze at it. The sight was horrible, for despite all the pains taken, the corpse was in a putrid state. The Sultan's son stood gazing on the decaying mass. He was pale as death, and the smile he tried to force upon his face did but make his anxiety the more visible. This scene lasted for a quarter of an hour. There was not a word spoken. At the end of fifteen minutes the Sultan drew his scimitar, and his son's head rolled on the ground. The Sultan said: "Bury them both together, and let trumpeters announce throughout the town that justice has been wrought. Allah only is great!"—*Boston Gazette.*

### A Word to the Girls.

Do our young women know what it is that strikes one who has been away from the country for a time the most unpleasantly on his return? It is not their faces, assuredly, which for regularity of outline, and delicacy and freshness of tint, are unsurpassed, indeed are not equalled, by anything that one sees abroad save in the finest pictures. Nor is it their forms, which are lithe, supple and graceful, with a spring in the step and a freedom of carriage that are always a delight to the eyes. Nor can it be said to be their dress; for though they dress too much, in colors too positive and decided, and are in this respect far behind the French women, they are yet in advance of all others, English, German or Italian. But it is the voice, and the management of the voice. After looking at our American girls, it is almost always a disappointment to hear them speak. What they say is perhaps well enough, but the tone and mode in which they say it is not well enough. Their voices are commonly too thin and shrill, and when they are not, are pitched in too high a key. Sometimes they come through the nose a good deal more than is desirable. They have a metallic ring, or at least a reedy quality, like the *vox humana* of the organ, and not that soft, low and gentle quality, which Shakespeare proclaimed so "excellent in woman." Climate has no doubt a good deal to do with this result, for the fault is most perceptible at the North and East, and least perceptible at the South; but carelessness has quite as much to do with it. Our mothers and teachers, we suspect, do not take much pains to train their children and pupils into good habits of enunciation. They are carefully taught to sing, but they are not carefully taught to read and to speak. Yet more than half the charm of all social intercourse depends upon the agreeable or disagreeable use of the voice. How repulsive, when one has been lost in admiration of a beautiful face and a noble figure, to hear the mouth open like the grating of a hinge, or the "squawk" of a guinea-fowl! How delicious when it opens with the sweet trill of a flute, or with the warble of birds, or with that deep, rich, mellow, and sympathetic liquidity, which no other instrument but the human throat ever attains!—*Putnam's Magazine.*

☞ "I sympathize sincerely with your grief," said a French lady to a recently widowed friend. "To lose such a husband as yours"— "Ah, yes, he was very good; and then, you see, such a misfortune is always great, for one knows what kind of a husband she has lost, but cannot tell what kind of a man one will find to succeed him."

## AGRICULTURAL.

### The Earth Closet and Coal Ashes.

When the earth closet first came into use, it was thought the only material suitable to disinfect and render its contents inodorous, was finely pulverized clay. The cost of this, and the quantity always necessary to be kept on hand in the house, not only renders it expensive, but inconvenient, particularly in towns and cities, and in those districts where clay does not abound.

With a view of obviating this great objection to the rapid introduction and general use of the earth closet, I have for nearly a year past been experimenting with various materials as a substitute for comminuted clay, and find that coal ashes best subserve this purpose, and I presume wood ashes would answer nearly as well. Now here is matter which is found in every household throughout the land, all ready fitted for this purpose, and doing away with all extra expense and trouble in its use. In fact, coal ashes are a great nuisance in cities, and the expense of carting them out of their limits is considerable. By mixing these daily with the feces, two nuisances are united, forming a rich and inodorous fertilizer, which may be sold at a good price, and largely to our national wealth, and purify every household throughout the land. It would also lessen diseases, especially the much dreaded and often fatal typhoid fever.

Plaster of Paris is an excellent disinfectant for the earth closet, and it is very cleanly of itself. But this is somewhat expensive. Charcoal dust is equally good, although objectionable on account of its blackening everything it touches.

The next best thing to clay, coal and other ashes, I think of, is a finely pulverized garden soil. Sand answers tolerably well during the cool months, but in the hot season more or less of the effluvium escapes through its coarse, loose texture.—*A. B. Allen in Country Gentleman.*

### Agricultural Colleges.

It is to be hoped the time will soon arrive when it will be unnecessary to defend an agricultural college anywhere in our country. That time, however, has not yet arrived. One of the most earnest and excited controversies now going on in Massachusetts, is between those who believe in intelligent agriculture as they do in the application of the best science to the mechanical arts, and those who consider agriculture a rude and primitive occupation requiring but little wisdom, and based upon those traditions and customs which one-half civilized generation of men can transmit to another.

The best agricultural college is that which sends forth from its walls a band of successful cultivators, admiring and believing in nature, because they are familiar with her laws. Let such a college be established in this country—a college in which the theory of the student will receive the stamp of its actual value; a college in which the experiments of the laboratory will be put to the final test; a college in which all the best culture of the school will be so moulded and directed as to give us a cultivated population, devoted to the land, with an understanding of its mysteries, and devoted to social and civil life, with a proper and refined conception of their duties—give us a college like this, and we shall have accomplished an educational work which will have an influence wherever land is divided among freemen, and cultivated by an intelligent yeomanry.—*Dr. Loring in Massachusetts Ploughman.*

### Watering Horses.

Horses should be watered from a brook, pond or river, and not from wells or springs, as the well water is hard and colder, while the running stream is soft and rather warm. The preference of horses is for the soft, even though it be muddy water, to that which is hard. Horses should be allowed in summer time at least four waterings a day, and a half a bucketful at a time, and in winter a pailful may be allowed morning and evening, which is sufficient to assuage their thirst without causing them to bloat or puff up. Care, however, should be taken that the horse is not put to work immediately after drinking a full bucket of water, especially if required to go fast, because digestion and severe exertion can never go on together, and moreover purging is apt to ensue. In some cases, broken wind or heaves is thus produced. Avoid giving warm or tepid water to horses that are often driven from home, because cold or well water will then perhaps be given them, which will be liable to produce a congestive chill, followed by lung fever, and in some cases colic. When horses are thus carefully watered, if one or more of them should refuse their accustomed food, something is wrong, and they should not be taken out of the stable to work or driven further that day; but an examination should be made as to the cause with a view to its removal.—*McClure's New Stable Guide.*

### Salt for Cabbage.

A New Jersey gardener considers salt necessary to the development of cabbage, especially in places far from the coast. He finds them more crisp, of better flavor, and to keep better when salt is used than without. He uses it as follows:—"A few days after setting out the plants, and when they are damp, either after a rain or when the dew is on, I take a small dish of fine salt and walking among the rows, sprinkling a little pinch of salt on the centre of each plant when the leaves begin to grow. I repeat the salting, and when the centre of the leaves begin to form the head, I apply salt again, scattering it over the leaves; after this I look them over occasionally, and if I find plants that do not head well and appear diseased, I sprinkle the salt over freely; this will save all such plants. A quart of salt is sufficient for 500 plants in a season, although more can be used with safety."

## RECEIPTS.

Beefsteak with Mushrooms.—Take four pounds of the best sirloin steaks, cut thin; season them with black pepper and a very little salt; put a large teaspoonful of good lard into a frying-pan, and set it over the fire; when it is quite hot, put in the steaks and let them brown. Have ready a quart of mushrooms, stemmed and skinned, and moistened with a pint of water, seasoned with a little pepper and salt, and thickened slightly with a good dredging of flour. Pour it over the steaks in the frying-pan, and let them cook till thoroughly done. Venison steaks will be found excellent dressed in this manner, but the venison must be fresh.

## THE RIDDLER.

### Mythological Enigma.

I am composed of 69 letters.

My 41, 63, 6, 39, 37, 45, 47, 49, 33, 29, 25, 32, was a famous Athenian commander.

My 3, 33, 13, 2, 31, 14, was a youth, who in attempting to fly from a labyrinth in Crete, soared so near the sun as to melt the joints of his wings, and fell into the sea.

My 10, 20, 10, 65, 39, 35, a monstrous being with three heads, slain by Hercules.

My 4, 22, 17, 12, 31, 44, 15, is the goddess of fortune.

My 54, 18, 50, 28, 36, 27, 40, was a daughter of the medicine-god Æsculapius.

My 1, 20, 39, 59, 27, is described by the poets as the most delightful spot on earth.

My 54, 65, 51, 39, 53, 8, 16, 60, 50, was a sculptor of Cyprus.

My 36, 40, 31, 44, 59, were minor rural deities.

My 61, 64, 63, 67, 52, was the goddess of flowers.

My 26, 31, 21, 21, 38, 56, 40, was a water-nymph in Italian mythology.

My 42, 33, 43, 44, 68, 31, 39, a very ancient city of Asia Minor.

My 56, 48, 41, 62, 57, 59, was the dog that guarded the oxen of Geryon.

My 64, 25, 29, 31, 67, 6, 45, a name given by the Romans to the spirits of the departed.

My 60, 15, 69, 27, 67, 35, 66, 39, 54, 62, 45, is a synonym for naiads.

My whole is a quotation from Shakspeare, which many, by sad experience, have found too true. MYRA. N. BELLOWS.

*Southampton, L. I.*

### Riddle.

Though water disowns me, I'm found in the sea;
In the forest reside, yet form part of no tree;
I am past, I am present, I'm base, yet sublime,
But not in eternity, neither in time;
Although both with angels and mortals I'm found,
I exist not in Heaven, nor on earthly ground;
Though not in the garden, I'm known to repose
In the midst of the pansy, the cowslip, and rose;
In sunshine, in summer, in spring I rejoice;
Though in frost, and in snow, I am never in ice;
I'm the prop of the soldier, as most of you know;
I alike to the ladies great courtesy show;
I fly with the breezes, but not with the gale;
At the base of all mountains, but not in the vale;
I'm discovered in pleasure, and revel in bliss;
In silence I reign, and I dwell in each kiss;
In foolishness, wisdom, and scorn I've a place;
With the huntsman I frequently follow the chase;
In demand by both sexes, selected with care;
With the sailor and artist I'm found, I declare;
I'm pleasant, yet silent, and sorrowful too;
With the proudest of monarchs I'm found, it is true;
I o'er commons and fields universally sway,
And the laws of my country strictly obey;
Although no enchantment within me doth dwell,
Pray tell me my name, for in that lies a spell.

### Problem.

If one pound of loose yarn will roll a ball three inches in diameter; how much additional will it require to make the ball six inches in diameter? EGO GEO.

*Enterprise, S. C.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Problem.

Given the frustrum of a cone, the diameter of the larger end is 9 inches, that of the smaller end 4, and the altitude 12. If this frustrum be cut into two parts, by a plane passing through the opposite edges of the two ends. Required the solid contents of each part. E. P. NORTON.

*Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ Why would it be impossible for unmarried ladies to govern the country well? Ans.—Because their rule would be but misrule.

☞ Why is a solar eclipse like a woman whipping her boy? Ans.—Because it's a hiding of the sun.

☞ What is stronger in death than life? Ans.—An old yellow-legged hen.

☞ Why would Samson have made a good opera-singer? Ans.—Because he could so easily bring down the house.

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

The truth itself is not believed,
From one who often has deceived.

CHARADE—Steam. (Team, tea.)

Spiced Beef.—This is an excellent dish for this season of the year, and is generally eaten cold. It can be made from either the round, brisket, or rump of beef, but ribs are the most tender eating. Procure, therefore, from eight to ten pounds of the ribs of beef—those which have a good amount of fat upon them are the best—remove the bone, rub the meat well with one ounce of saltpetre pounded very finely, and, three hours after this has been applied, rub on half a pound of moist sugar; let the meat lay in this for two days; then take one ounce of ground pepper, half an ounce of pounded mace, a few cloves likewise well pounded, and a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Mix all these ingredients well, and rub them well into the beef, particularly into the holes, adding occasionally a little salt. Roll up the meat as a round, and bind it with a strong fillet. Chop some shred suet very finely, cover the beef with it, and bake it in a moderately heated oven from five to six hours. While baking it may be placed either upon a meat tin, or in an earthen jar as nearly of its size as possible. In both cases there should be a cupful of gravy or water under the meat to prevent it from burning; if a jar is used, there should be a cover to it.